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Life Pictures

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HIGHWAYS & BY-WAYS.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

Author of "Foot-prints of the Pestilence," &c.

CHAPTER III.

Some of the "Upper-Ten and Lower Ten-Thousand."

It was long after midnight, and in a spacious drawing-room of one of those gorgeous mansions in Fifth Avenue set a solitary watcher. The odorous air called attention to the costly conservatory adjoining, and the velvet carpets, rarely-wrought and luxurious drapery, rich furniture and *recherche* and costly ornaments spread with lavish hand, here and there, far as the eye could reach, all betokened wealth—almost boundless and exhaustless.

That evening had been the occasion of a *fete* brilliant,—select,—the crowning one of the season; All was gorgeous, grand, fashionable—but now the sound of the dancers' feet had died away; the fairy music was hushed,—not a zephyr form was there to stir the perfumed air, yet she—for whose pleasure all had been enlisted still sat, her head resting thoughtfully upon her hand, where the servant had bidden her good-night, after receiving his command to leave one light still burning.

"My orders, I perceive have been forgotten, or else there is confusion somewhere," murmured Leda Fair-child, for it was indeed the millionaire's daughter who spoke, and she arose and stirred the still-glowing coals in the richly-ornamented grate, then seated herself among her scarlet cushions again as a look of weariness and despondency spread itself over her beautiful feature and countenance.

"Not so lady—*Here I am*, as General Washington's guns used to say to the British.—Bouncer don't *half* do things;—what's the use o' goin' to all this trouble an' *gainin' nothin'*. 'Taint always well to be *two fast*, as the man said when the Dog would'nt let go." And a trigly-attired serving-man *or boy* had meanwhile approached her from the recesses of an adjacent boudoir.

Leda did not speak, for it was a weary, weary weight off her true heart, even this prospect of learning something definite;—it might prove an exchange of bad for worse,—but suspense was *worst* of all.

"Tell me quickly of him!" she whispered almost breathlessly,—"Is he ill?—suffering?—do not hesitate!—I can bear a great deal,—only tell me *where* he is, and *how?* How come you here? I feared I should not see you again,—tell me all."

Bouncer, for he it was, without much extraneous hindrance in the way of words told all that was desired and there was even time for allusion to his own private obligations to her relative, (for such was Everett Wise;) an ever favorite topic with Bouncer, and from these he brought matters down to the circumstance of his getting himself hired as a number-one attendant upon balls, parties &c. as upon this especial evening that he might communicate to one most interested, the abject condition of his benefactor, and thus solicit aid for him. In passing through one of the halls alone, (as it accidentally, perhaps providentially occured,) Leda's quick eye was arrested by the familiar face and form of her quondam erratic sunday scholar; her first impulse was to greet him with an exclamation, but one of his peculiar gestures enjoined silence and after a brief consultation *en passant*, it was arranged by Bouncer himself that he should remain, as already narrated, and to such end as perchance time and the course of this narrative may determine.

"Your Saturday night's payments shall not be touched, Richard,—you have done me good service,—bear me in mind and you shall not be forgotten,—good-night!" and the door opened softly giving egress to this secret friend, while those who dreamed on beds of down above *perhaps*, —stooped not even in their visions, to holding aught in common with one so lowly. Little recked or cared Bouncer as he went upon his way singing in an unconsciously exaggerated tone of voice.

"Oh, no, we never mention him!" when at the turn of a corner, Watchman Wimble laid a hand upon our veritable hero's shoulder, and without further demur set about conducting him to cheap night-lodgings, all protestations of "babe-like innocence," which Bouncer thought fit to make, weighing like airy nothings against stern duty as Watchman Wimble held the scales. However, he was not inappeasable, as circumstances were destined to prove, for in a brief space,—before two thirds of the assigned journey which would land Bouncer in the watch-house were accomplished, the jolly officer in charge hailed with a gruffly joocse and kindly tone an individual approaching them.

"Heigho!" old fellow!" said the Policeman,—"out sparking this late o' nights? ten years' cruise must ha' freshened you some. Seriously though, friend Gilbert, couldn't they make ye comfortable at my shanty—Jenny's a great girl for fixin' up snug an' the like."

"Yes, yes, thank you kind friend, but Jenny and I've a matter between us—don't get jealous, for when you stopped for your bit of supper you had no time to hear,—but as I was saying, that matter says—*no sleep for me now—no rest till wrong's made right.* As to my ten year's cruise freshening me—ha! ha!—there's them a living, not a hundred miles hence, would think they'd seen Jack Gilbert's ghost could they look where you're looking to night;—aye, and they'd hope so two,—they'd rather see any phontom than flesh and blood in my form and about my size. Lord preserve us!—but such things *will be*. And now, dearest life! give up your charge to me,—let me be watchman for ye over this here lad at least," and he fell to embracing the petrified Bouncer with such gusto that the recipient and one witness of his demonstrations both began to suspect the old man's sanity. One look more for Bouncer,—one word more for Watchman Wimble and all was right, and Jenny, the Watchman's loving wife stepped out from a hiding place close by, and all was right, all around.

That had been an adventurous night for some who figure in this narrative, and while Dick Bouncer sustained his character as head-waiter at Fairchild's in Fifth Avenue, Jack Gilbert the old sea-dog whom popular report had long since given over to the doubtful mercies of sharks or pirates, or may be both, was telling a story, after a snug supper beside the Watchman's fire, relative to———but stop! Bouncer and his friends, and Jack Gilbert and *his* friends, and the Watchman and his wife and *their* friends should at least *share* attentions with sweet Leda Fairchild.

We would like to know what she was thinking as she bent so sadly over her curly-haired cousin's rest, and watched her sweet and undisturbed slumber. Poor penniless orphan! poor Ida Warfield!—do fourteen years of entire dependence set so lightly upon you that even in sleep the clustering gold-hued ringlets cannot conceal your smiles. You have a protector, he promised at your Mother's death-bed, to receive as his own his sister's child, and Mr. Fairchild was a good man,—his friends said it—society said it—the world said it;—a charitable man everybody knew, or if not,—look at his poor orphan niece reared by his hand in the lap of luxury without one cent of her own wherewith to bless herself;—a charitable man, all the world knew—or if not,—look at the "thousands promised and thousands paid" on the church accounts,—look at the charity School records, at the subscription-lists of the numerous Benevolent Societies, Foreign and Domestic Missions.—Whose name is read out most frequently in connection with these praiseworthy projects?—A good and a charitable man is Mr. Fairchild. What thinks Leda Fairchild as she smooths back very, *very* lightly, the soft curls from the pure brow of the sleeper?—That now she has attained her majority and may of her own power preclude all galling thoughts of a possible separation from one loved so long and dearly?—That she may *to her wealthy parent* redeem past scores of board and clothing and education against that orphan child, and maintain her secretly still as her own dearly loved sister?

That she may in the face of paternal tyranny take her stand boldly in favor of that wronged and insulted because poverty-stricken young kinsman, and crave pardon upon bended knee for the thousand shocks inflicted upon his sensitive nature by one nearest of kin to her?—To tell him—no, Everett Wise has never asked that,—manly pride forbade the pauper youth to sue for the heart and hand of the millionaire's daughter. 'Twas not this. Had memory gone back to the not very-long-ago when Everett Wise, presented by a wealthy merchant of his own city, sought the office of his rich relative to enter as Law-Student?—All fared well until the failure of certain financial arrangements at home, to the results of which, Wise had looked forward as the means of indemnifying Mr. Fair-child for the use of his Law library and the directing of his course of study, *then* it was, that cold looks and words which Leda somehow felt were endured for a space for her sake, banished the young student from Fairchild's house and its inmates, and many a long month rolled on affording no insight into his whereabouts until Bouncer's wizard skill brought about developments in his own peculiar fashion a short time previously to the events and transactions at present under discussion.

Now back again to Watchman Wimble's fire-side where a jolly Jack Tar but newly arrived on shore sat receiving the cordial welcomes of some who in their still more needy days he had known and in the good ness of his soul benefited,—some who, perhaps remarkably retentive of these kindnesses, made it their hearts' dearest enjoyment to requite them in some degree by receiving him into a home, such an one as a grateful and kindly heart appreciates humble as it may be. In the earlier portion of this narrative it was hinted that from a designated point of view Dick Bouncer's transactions preparatory to enstalling himself in a home, were not unobserved, and it so fell out afterward, that the moving panorama upon those observant eyes rested that day, laid also to rest a *horde* of anxious thoughts and cares and anxieties besetting the tender heart and conscience of their possessor. From that time, now some months agone he had, with secret design of good, tracked at a distance and apparently in secret, that waif upon the great ocean of humanity,—the boy of whose antecedents even tradition now had almost lost the record. Some said, but how the tale became current none knew now,—that Bouncer had seen better days (whether his memory served him so far or not,) even before good Mrs. Bennet took him in charge;—*somehow*, then, in the uncertain course of human events, the boy passed from Mrs. Bennet's trusty hand,—(whether by demise of that worthy lady or otherwise—deponent saith not,) to those of Sukey Bruhns mentioned in a former chapter; of whom—woe betide any unfortunate elf to whom she held right and title-deed imaginary or otherwise. Then came the stage of belonging to nobody,—with no landmark supposed or real to steer back to when the turbulent tide ebbed or flowed to or fro. Thus stood matters until that night, which period of time we have walked round and round, and touched, and somehow feared to handle perhaps lest its presiding deity should deem us importunate, and refuse to yield its riches of interesting developments.

"Jenny, you know Dick Bouncer?" said the old man to the Watchman's wife, —"I have heard you speak of him but have never been able secretly to draw anything from you concerning his character and whereabouts and all;—you know him but you don't know the relation in which he and I stand to one another, no more does he. I have thought it wise to keep these matters yet for awhile to myself. Jim Jones, my old fellow sea-dog and my other self, who knows all circumstances connected, has thought so too,—(many storms he ond I've weathered together, but by and bye, God willing, we may make harbor together yonder, He above knows,) but now Jenny, you with your Mother's heart,—you with your christian soul and prudent tongue, can help me to keep a secret and to render a service to this poor boy—(you have a boy yourself,") but it needed not this parenthetic plea, Jenny's ready sympathies were already awakened, this, however left no exceptions to their enlistment.

"I'll tell the story now," began Jack Gilbert, "how the Grosvenor, an East-Indiaman homeward-bound went ashore upon the Coffrarian coast;—how officers, passengers, crew resolved to set forth on foot across trackless deserts infested with beasts and cruel savages with the forlorn desire of finding the Dutch settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. We (for I was among 'em,) separated into two parties each setting out in different directions to effect our end; and farewells were said and hands were pressed as we stood upon the sands that day, never to meet again till the great Day of Days.

"Amongst our passengers was one Richard Armstrong,—His name would stir ten-thousand hearts now, in this City of New York, if in men's memories ever live the deeds of mercy or kindness—to great an' small, he has perfromed; I had known him many a year before,—when the world and the things in it looked different to Jack Gilbert's eyes from what they do now.—Well, this Richard Armstrong, one of the merchant-princes from this very City chanced to be along with his only son a little boy of some three years old, whose mother had passed away to the Good Land some year or two before. The child was the pet and plaything of the whole ship's crew, but the *idol* of that father who under any circumstances, of business or otherwise, would never consent to be separated from him. These formed a part of our lot, as we went upon that heartless, hopeless, wilderness-journey on which the great Sun would rise and set, and rise and set again and bring no relief. In a few days, however, the parent of that idolized child died from eating poisonous berries in the very recklessness of starvation, and I shall never forget his look as, almost in his last agonies he took from his bosom the packet of valuable papers which he carried about him, gave them into my charge with directions which made me his child's guardian and protector for life, and pressing the little hand of the wonder-stricken infant into my own rough grasp, turned over upon the hot sand and died. Have I been truant to that trust?—The God of Heaven knows my heart. We scooped a grave and covered him, for a short time it might be, from the fowls of the air and beasts of the forest, and taking the child, journeyed on, and on;—three men of us then left, of those who had set out an our way. By and by the carpenter died, and only brave Jimmy Jones, the child and I remained. We carried the baby in our arms or on our backs through fen and brake and forest, over the arid sands and over morasses, and when we swam the streams the spirit of his father looked on and saw that infant boy pushed along on a raft before us till we reached the shore.

"By and by, however relief came,—the good God had seen fit to bring us by a way we knew not, and after some delay here and there, the child and I found our way back to our native city again. We were both forlorn,—both he and I, though he did not know it: I had lost my best friend —he had lost—I may not say what,—but he pillowed his poor little head upon this sun-burnt breast in all the trust in which he lay when in his early orphan-days he cried himself to sleep there. What should I do with my charge—the young millionaire and his mighty possessions? I a poor old sea-dog who knew more of taking the sun's attitude, and of steering a ship, than of managing all the money in Uncle Sam's mint. What should I do?—I had it!—There was one here who lay under heavy obligations to my boy's father,—an honest and an honorable man, and he had sworn time again, to sacrifice time, health, wealth, —all if requisite, in requital of that obligation. An active, energetic, experienced man of business was he,—it was just in his line, for to whom sooner than to one of his obligations and gratifications could I with better assurance of success, hope to confide my charge. Jack Gilbert's native life was upon the sea,—his native air blew there, but he could not find it in his heart to bring *him* up there, whose birth and fortune filled him for another and a different voyage to the port beyond. It was all well,—I made known my desires and designs for him and he who was to assist me in my undertaking professed a ready zeal in the gratifying duty; but at the last the old Tar's heart failed him when he thought that in giving up the boy to such great folks as the Merchant's friend had grown to be, that little heart might learn to look down on him, as, to be sure, perhaps, he deserved, but then he could not bear that from *him*, (it was an idle thought,) and so he resolved to place the property in this great and good gentleman's hands, and the child,—the greater prize, in charge of Mrs. Bennet in whose neat, but small domicil her sailor-kinsman was wont to find comfortable quarters and a kind welcome at the end of each homeward bound voyage. There in Mrs. Bennet's particular care, and in general charge of the friend, Jack bade the little boy good-bye as he lay sleeping his innocent sleep in his little crib by the widow's bed-side. The sailor hadn't willed it so, Jenny, but chance and change, and the stormy elements, and many things fought with old Jack and baffled his return home to that baby,—and,—don't call on Heaven to take you from such a world when I tell you there can be those brought that'll prove they were paid to take Jack Gilbert's life, so that *that child's* wealth might go to enrich them that held it in hand;—don't exclaim,—but it can be done Jenny; and after years o' knocking about, and imprisonment in the mines, and hinderance one way and another, Jack Gilbert comes home to find that blessed boy a common street vagabond, and that father's friend a great man among men—a gilded serpent in the sight of his God. I have watched that boy these few days, I have tracked him up and down these alleys and lanes and by-ways, and I have,—God be tanked for the sight! seen that his father's spirit has not died out from within him, that his natural-bred noble-heartedness has not yet cut cable and gone."

"Oh, why did you not speak to him!"—asked the sympathizing and no-less astonished Mrs. Wimble;—it was the first time old Gilbert had made sufficient pause in favor of those pent up words which through chokings and smiles and floods of tears had essayed to obtrude themselves but without success. "No! no! Jenny, my child! not so fast!—not till with all hands aboard and with cleared decks we might bring the ship around at once;—no haltin by the way. *This day* there's witnesses come,—we're all together, and tomorrow's sun will shine upon an apparition in Roderick Fairchild's house, than which he would rather encounter legions of damned devils."

"Oh, Uncle Jack! mightn't you, then, see your poor boy to day,—to night if you knew where and how?"

"Yes, yes;—before this head lays upon its pillow for rest I go to seek him, I could not sleep now with that last look of his father's burning itself into my heart and brain."

"I know!—I know!" sobbed Jenny, —"let me go too, I'll show you where he is,—oh, if poor Lewis, my poor son should ever—and the tear-waves washed over the last words of that sentence. "He came" she said,—"Bouncer came to day, to borrow my boy's Sundays suit, saying that his employer had agreed he should hire himself as head-waiter at Mr. Fairchild's house to night, on occasion of a grand entertainment to be given there. I know the way and it is in Will's beat, so I'll go with you." And the terminus of this brief night journey has been reached by us, reader, before.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

On the far off verge of Life.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

On the far off verge of life
There flows a silent river,
And it ceaseth flowing never
But it goeth on forever
To the valley of the shadow of death,
And the Barges launched upon it,
No mighty hand can save,
For they sink beneath the wave,
That is silent as the grave
And is never even rippled by a breath.

'Tis a very dreary river,
For 'tis shrouded o'er with gloom,
And its fountain is the tomb,
And no flowers ever bloom
That are touched by its inky looking tide,
But the Bible sweetly tells
Of a land of brighter glory,
Than was ever framed in story
That is opened out before ye
On this mighty river's other brighter side.

'Tis the mighty river death,
And its nearer shore is time,
Where we hear life's vespers chime,
And are told in word sublime
Of the glory of its far distant shore,
Which is called eternity,
Where on soft and downy wing
Are the angels quivering,
And with harps of golden string
They welcome holy pilgrims gladly o'er.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

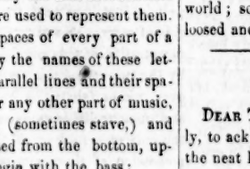
BY WM. HAUSER, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER VIII.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

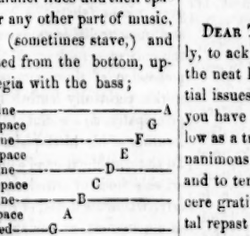
So according to Shakespeare, shouted the brave, but guilty Richard III on the fatal field of Bosworth: I feel like exclaiming, Music types! music types! a kingdom for music types, to show all my pupils fully what my different sayings mean! But as I have them not, nor can get them for all the passionate ejaculations I may utter, we must do the best we can without them. Turn we then to any tune, in any music book, for instance "Windham," on the second page of the Hesperian Harp. This tune is arranged in four parts; 1st the *bass*, 2dly the *air*, then the *alto*, then the *treble*; (so this part is generally called in the South and West.) The first character about the tune is called a *brace*. This character is always placed at the beginning of a tune, and the parts linked together by it are called a *Score*: vocal score, if arranged for voices; instrumental score, if arranged for instruments.

Every part of a tune is written on five parallel lines, the spaces between these lines, and above and below them. All these lines and spaces have the very same names as the keys of a piano, the strings of a violin, or the holes of a flute; and hence it is indispensable that you memorize fully the names of them before you proceed another step. This is all the memorizing I require my classes to do; but this *must be done*, or you will never become acquainted with the principles of music. Without this knowledge you may be able to sing many tunes in patent notes, Aiken notes, or figure notes, but you will never, I repeat, understand the principles of music. Turn then to a tune, to "Windham" again if you choose. I have told you there are only seven elementary sounds in music, and that only the first seven letters of the alphabet are used to represent them. The lines and spaces of every part of a tune are called by the names of these letters. The five parallel lines and their spaces, of the bass or any other part of music, are called a *staff*, (sometimes stave,) and are always counted from the bottom, upwards. We'll begin with the bass;



These are the *names* of the lines and spaces of bass staff, names immutably established in the sense and by the consent of mankind so that no legislative enactments can alter them. On the 4th line of the bass staff you see, in printed books, (and in written ones too) a character next to the brace called the *F cleff*. It is always set at the beginning of the bass, and frequently of the alto. It is called the "F cleff" because it is always written on F, the 4th line from the bottom.

Now memorize the lines and spaces of the treble or tenor staff:



On both the treble and the tenor you see, in the music books, a character extending entirely across the staff, but with the lower and largest part of it curled on the second line. This is the *G cleff*; so called because it is curled on G.

Now look on the 11th page of the rudimental matter in the Hesperian Harp and you will see a diagram which illustrates this staff idea which I am trying to explain. I have already explained that the bass is assigned to men because of the lower range of their voices, and the treble to women on account of the higher range of theirs. We will suppose that females can sing no lower than the 1st line of the treble staff, (this is not the fact,) and that all the sounds that go lower than this must be sung by male: at what point then will the male and female voices come together, i. e. get into *unison?* On E, the 3d space of the bass and the first line of the treble, or tenor. These two places being identical (so we must consider them now, tho' it depends on the style of voices that sing whether it is so or not) it follows in course that F, the 4th line of the bass, is the same as F the 1st space of the treble; G the 4th space of the bass is the same with G, second line of the treble; and so on to the end of this chapter.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SONNET TO THE SOUTH WIND.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Breath, of divinest love and tenderness,
Peacefully floating o'er our sterner clime,
With sweeter numbers than a poet's rhyme
Might ever sing! how doth the spirit bless
The gentle pow'r that gladdeneth all distress,
With a new-born delight, heaven-sent, sublime.
O linger long, sweet soother of harsh Time
That we may often feel the winning press—
The soft deliciousness, of thy sweet lips;
That we may long behold the myriad life
Thy presence wakes, and round thee wanton skips
And blithely sings—remotest from the strife
That soon must come with blight and with decay,
When thou again dost sighing float away.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THOUGHTS ON THE PAST.

FROM MOLLIE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

How dreary—how horrible are our emotions when we reflect upon the immensity of the destruction of living beings in the Deluge. An inexpressible feeling of awe comes over the gayest spirit in meditating upon these sublime scenes; but the emotion is hightened when we think that we are living—we are moving over the crushed and mangled remains of antideluvians. "All that tread the globe, are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom." We are now upon the busy stage of life. Around us are many proud works of art, reared by men of the present day. In our full career of progress and of happiness we can and do rejoice in the beauty which this world puts on.

The mind wanders without an effort in the contemplation of present things; but when the thoughts of bye gone days come over us, sadness comes too; and the mind seems to shrink from contact with the gay and busy world about us. The memory of other days has been mournful to the soul; and this sympathy pervades all ages. Speak to childhood of the buried world and its mysteries, and the heart babbling laugh is stilled, and childish hopes forgotten. The hopes and asperations of manhood are for a time relinquished in the overwhelming contemplation.

The maiden's cheek is blanched as her woman's heart prompts thoughts of life and its never ceasing changes. The aged man with the accumulated wisdom of years bows his head as he thinks of those by gone days; and he feels by every weakened nerve that he too in turn must go down to his resting place in earth's bosom, and sleep with the patriarch of the infant world; soon must "the silver chord be loosed and the golden bowl broken."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MARCH 20th, 1857.

DEAR TIMES:—Allow me, thus publicly, to acknowledge the timely reception of the neat little package containing the initial issues of your current volume, which you have so generously laid upon my pillow as a tribute of sympathy from a magnanimous soul to a grief-stricken brother; and to tender you the assurance of my sincere gratitude for the rich and varied mental repast afforded me by the bounteous supply of literary pabulum with which your columns were so heavily freighted—presenting a bill of fare which would have exhilarated the appetite of the most fastidious and epicurean of literary gormands. Nor can I adopt a more efficient mode of expressing to you my high appreciation of your successful labors as Journalist, than by assuring you of the entire realization of the most extravagant anticipations of edification and profit, which your reputation had led me to indulge. Your subsequent visits, however, I am sorry to say, like those of angels, have been few and far between. And as day after day, upon the arrival of the post, the messenger has returned from his accustomed mission with the unwelcome tidings of—"no Times;" each announcement has been the death-knell of a cherished hope. No one save he who has passed through the same ordeal can possibly conceive how vexatious, how absolutely provoking it is to him, to whom a newspaper is so valued, indeed so invaluable a boon; who, after having awaited with fevered impatience throughout a tedious morning, the arrival of the iron horse bearing his precious burden, like a hungry man impatiently contemplating the tiresome details involved in the preparation of a late dinner; and just when in fancy he is about to clutch the anticipated pleasure with voracious eagerness, he is astounded with the intelligence of an indefinite postponement. Yet at whose threshold the paternity of these defaults may legitimately be placed I know not; nor do I know whether they are the result of inadvertent negligence or culpable omission of duty; and notwithstanding my indisposition to cherishing resentful feelings, I cannot conceal to myself the satisfaction I should feel, could I but know that the delinquents were forced to expiate their offence by experiencing for a season the same pang which they have, perchance unwittingly, inflicted upon me—a penalty sufficiently severe, I opine, to effectually obviate all similar recurrences in the future.

For years past the newspaper has been my *vade mecum*—the inseparable companion of my solitude during a long imprisonment in my chamber. For since the ravages of disease have rendered me unable to clasp the more ponderous and unwieldy folio and octavo; not a day—scarce an hour has elapsed, when the insatiate fiends of pain have so far released their remorseless clutch upon me as not to impede all mental digestion; but my couch has been literally overstrewn with newspapers, magazines and such other periodical literature which the considerate kindness of my friends have placed around me to beguile the loneliness of the sick chamber; and which by a simple arrangement is conveniently and readily placed before my eyes requiring alone the occasional aid of some friendly hand to change their relative position. And since this isolation from the busy world around me has wrested from me almost every source of enjoyment, the newspaper is indeed an invaluable associate of which all the fabulous riches of Eastern story—"all the gold of Ophyr and cattle upon a thousand plains" should not voluntarily deprive me: for gloomy and cheerless indeed would be my existence, were the merciless mandate of destiny to deny me the blessed sunshine which it throws around me. You will not wonder then why I should have extended so cordial a greeting to a guest with your prepossessing exterior, or the fame of whose genial companionship had so often reached my ears; or that any delay or suspension in your contemplated visits should throw a shade of disappointment in my pathway.

But the Times, *en passant*,—is not by far the only visitor which has tarried for a while on its journey or delayed its coming altogether; and as these failures are confined to no particular point of the compass, the deduction is irresistible that the defaulters are *attachees* to the extensive household of Uncle Sam. But as the old gentleman has recently inaugurated new stewards to take *surveillance* of his domestic affairs may we not expect more punctuality and efficiency from the present regimen than from their predecessors, fagged and wearied as they were with long and unbending applications to business. Let no one however misinterpret me as impugning the fidelity and devotion of the late distinguished Chief of the postal department, or of any member of the retiring administration. But that there has been delinquency—unpardonable delinquency, no one will have the hardihood to dispute; and I feel pretty certain that you, gentlemen, and all others so vitally interested will heartily respond to the desire that should the guillotine of proscription be set in operation, the authors of all such delinquency may be the first to suffer decapitation.

But I am spinning out this string of rambling thoughts to a far greater length than was in the onset contemplated; and having some misgivings as to its probable fate when subjected to the disquisition of the sanctum, I must defer other reflections which I now find rushing in upon me like a very torrent till "a more convenient season." Yet I cannot resist the temptation of congratulating you, before I conclude, upon the very creditable appearance which you make both in point of mechanical execution and literary excellence, and the prominent position you have so promptly assumed in the very front rank of your cotemporaries; and to express the hope that your hitherto unparalleled success in winning the coveted meed of popular favor may be but the prelude of a far brighter destiny in the future. Indeed I can scarcely realize it, that an enterprise of so recent an inception should so suddenly have acquired such gigantic proportions, so meteor-like, has been your assent to that proud niche to attain which so many gallant rivals have so long struggled in vain. And yet after, all it is but the *finale* which every sagacious observer must have foreseen; for invested as you are with so many elements of success, it would have been passing strange had you failed to evoke from Dame Fortune her most auspicious smile. Let's see: first, we have a galaxy

of literary meteors unsurpassed by every constellation in the broad land for numbers or for brilliancy; next, an army of editorial skill and ability equal to any emergency; then, the benedictions and prayers of hundreds and thousands of patriotic hearts; and last though not least, a cause which must be endorsed (materially endorsed) by every true citizen and every true man. Panopled with such armor, you can but achieve new triumphs and win new trophies at every step you take. Then persevere—obstinately and persistently persevere in the path which you are now treading; cling tenaciously and uncompromisingly to those principles which you profess to have avowed; battling gallantly for justice wherever it may be found; eschewing all sectional and sectarian bickering; and though I lay no claims to the art of divination, I may venture to decipher your horoscope so far as to predict a success realizing your fondest hopes;—and to bid you look forward to a day not far distant when aided by such noble co-a jutors as the Literary Messenger, the Spirit of the Age, &c., you shall obliterate from our hearth-stones every trace of those Hybrids, which under the guise of pretended conservatism are stealthily subverting our most venerable institutions; by maturing a literature which every parent may lay upon his home-altar, fearless of desecrating the pure souls of his guileless offspring. And—but I find that I must leave unsaid much that I would like to say—much which, perchance, I may say anon.

INVALID.

Educational.

THE TEACHER.

Thorough knowledge and aptness to teach.—We proceed to give this week, in accordance with the promise in last issue, some of the essentials for a good and successful instructor, and hope we may be instrumental in awakening a deeper interest in the great work of educating the young—

If a teacher would gain and preserve the confidence and respect of his pupils, he must be able, on every occasion, to furnish the clearest evidence that he possesses a full, distinct and discriminating knowledge of every subject on which it may be desirable to impart instruction. He should not only understand the subjects himself, but he should be able to make them clear and intelligible to the minds of his pupils; abounding in knowledge himself, he must also possess aptness in imparting knowedge to others. The manifestation of the slightest ignorance, or a degree of hesitation indicative thereof, may at once cause a distrust or want of confidence, which will greatly impair, if not destroy, his usefulness or success. Hence, it is desirable that those who intend to become teachers should store their minds with an amount of available knowledge which will not only be sufficient for conducting the regular text-book lessons of the school-room, but also for meeting and answering sotisfactorily all the queries which may arise in the minds of their pupils, and thus satisfying them that they are receiving supplies from a well-filled fountain. Their knowledge should be ready, clear and unequivocal. The possession of knowledge, without the ability properly to impart the same, is as a "light under a bushel," whose rays are so circumscribed as to be of no value. The efficient and successful instructor must be as a "light on a hill," imparting cheerful intelligence and clear vision to all around.

Accuracy and Distinctness.—If pupils are early trained to execute whatever they undertake in a clear and distinct manner, it will be of great service to them through life; while a careless and indistinct mode will affect them unfavorably and permanently. Hence a teacher should strive to impress upon the minds of his pupils the great importance of doing all their work accurately and plainly. How many people write letters and other documents so miserably and so illegibly that they cannot be deciphered except with the greatest difficulty. Frequently very singular and ludicrous errors result from a want of distictness in writing. The following are examples of such cases:

An English gentleman once applied to the East India Company for an office for a friend of his in India, and succeeded in obtaining an appointment. The man who received the favor wrote to his friend, and signified his intention to send an *equivalent* for the kind assistance he had received. The gentleman who received the letter could make nothing of the word but *elephant;* and, being pleased with the idea of receiving such a noble animal, he was at the expense of erecting a suitable building for his accommodation. What was his surprise in recieving, instead of an *elephant*, a pot of sweetmeats, as the *equivalent!* Perhaps this man saw as much of the elephant as many who have sought a view in these latter days; and the sight was, probably, quite as profitable, and quite as palatable.

A clergyman in Massachusetts, more than a century ago, addressed a letter to the General Court, on some subject of interest that was then under discussion. The clerk read the letter, in which, as he thought, occurred this remarkable sentence: "I address you, not as magistrates but as *Indian devils.*" The clerk hesitated, and, after more careful examination, repeated, "Yes, he addresses you as *Indian devils.*" The wrath of the honorable body was greatly aroused; they passed a strong vote of censure, and demanded of the reverend gentleman an apologetic explation; from which it was discovered that he addressed them not as magistrates, but as *individuals.*

Patience and Perseverance.—From the days of pious Job until the present time, patience has been considered a Christian grace. Every individual, whatever his situation or occupation, finds occasion for its exercise. No one more needs its full and free operation than the instructor; and in no one is a deficiency more strongly felt, or more disastrous. In the discipline and instruction of his school, he will, sometimes, be obliged to contend against the feelings and actions of some parents, as well as pupils; so that the good lessons and instructions of the school-room will require constant repetition, from the fact that they are, often, worse than obliterated by fire-side or street influences. As, in walking by the sea-side, our footprints are washed away by the dashing wave, so are the salutary impressions made upon the minds of children, in the school-room, frequently effaced by the untoward influences by which they are surrounded while out of school; and it will require no small amount of patience and perseverance, on the part of the instructor, to renew the efforts to make them more permanent.

We have said that the instructor is often obliged to contend against home and street influences. This is true in more particulars than many at first imagine. Let us take an instance. A pupil, in speaking, makes use of a sentence strictly and plainly false in its syntax, and is rectified by the teacher; yet he will continue to commit the same error, though corrected for the fiftieth time. How difficult, and almost impossible, does the teacher find it to get rid of certain mispronunciations and ungrammatical expressions! A child will say, for instance, "git red," "it is him," "them are," "kittle," &c. &c. He will continue to do so, time and again, though corrected by the teacher as often as the error is committed. Now, why is this? Simply because at home and in the streets the child hears the *wrong* ten times as often as he hears the *right.*

So it is in many particulars; and the teacher's patience is taxed almost beyond endurance, in being called upon to reiterate the correction. But let him not despair. The direction which has been given for the ninety-ninth time without effect may accomplish its end if repeated the hundredth time. Let the teacher, then, continue cheerfully in his efforts, and in due time he will receive his reward. Let him not look with too much impatience for *immediate* fruits of his labors. Seed that has been faithfully scattered will, in its proper time, produce fruit, and cheer the heart of the diligent sower; and so "he who goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall, doubtless, come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Does the teacher need any further inducement? "Is it not sufficiently solemn for him to remember that each child he trains is, Providence sparing his life, to be a man;—freighted with imperishable hopes, and a certificate of eternal existence from the great God of the universe himself? They are now lingering in the cool and early shade on the edge of the field of life. They wait the teacher's directing care, ere they go forth into the sun and storm and battle of life, and make a solemn and decisive throw in the game of destiny. Teachers are often reminded that those they train may become rich men, and senators, and governors. But, Oh! how more thrilling to remember that each child educated is to stand up in the great army of living ones, a man, in God's image, with human sympathies, and attachments, and responsibilities;—that he is to love and be loved, to be a neighbor to somebody, a citizen, a friend, and, either to honor or dishonor, act some part in the great dram of life!"

RELICS:—At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, at which was present Jared Sparks, William H. Prescott, James Savage, and the venerable Josiah Quincey, the President of the society, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, called attention, on opening the meeting, to two interesting relics before him. One was a small, neat mahogany table, well supplied with drawers, formerly used by Lord Chatham: passing from him to Lord Temple; and thence coming down as a family heir-loom, to its present owner. On this table was a portable mahogany writing desk, of thorough workmanship, about twelve inches wide, sixteen inches long, and four inches deep, box-like in shape, and in every way neat and light. At one end is a drawer, parted off for ink, pens, letters, and paper. On opening the cover, a slanting and convenient writing desk, lined with velvet, is formed by means of a neatly arranged rack. Here may be seen, in the round, clear, and characteristic handwriting of the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence, the following history:

"Thomas Jefferson gives this writing desk to Josheph Coolidge, Jr., as a memorial of affection. It was made from a drawing of his own by Ben Randall, cabinet maker of Philadelphia, with whom he first lodged, on his arrival in that city in May, 1776, and is the identical one on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Politics, as well as Religion, has its superstitions. These, gaining strength with time, may, one day, give imaginary value to this relic, for its association with the birth of the great charter of our independence.

Monticello, Nov. 18, 1825."

In the drawer were three Paris visiting cards of the olden time, with pictures on them of the colliseum, &c., and an original visiting card of John Adams. It is small, rather rough looking, bearing simply, in large hand-writing, "Mr. Adams."

Make hay while the sun shines.

THE TIMES.

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

BY GEORGE W. COTHRAN.

NUMBER VI.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

(As a Novelist.)

Already can our country boast of a literature, if not as extensive, yet at least as varied as that of most any other country. It has sent into the literary field many noble authors who, by the publication of their works, have reflected great credit upon the American mind, and won for themselves honorable distinction. All the different departments of Literature and of Science are represented by its coterie of eminent authors, and represented in a manner highly credible to its political importance, industrial wealth, commercial advantages, rapid progress, and national greatness. The once galling and sarcastic scoff of the British press, "who reads an American book," may now be answered in a firm, unswerving tone, while a feeling of patriotic pride swells the bosom of the speaker, "*the whole world, sir!*" And, in many respects, American authors have advanced far beyond the utmost limit of the literary accomplishment of that country, which was first to iterate the taunt and last to bestow upon merit its proper reward. We can now point with feelings of national pride no less to our authors, than to our statesmen, our military chieftains, and our men of science. Our literature has kept even pace with our unprecedently rapid national progress, and is destined, ere long, to be second to the literature of no other country!

And in none of the departments of literature have more pleasing results and signal triumphs been achieved, than in the department of Fiction. In this vast and fertile field, we have an able corpse of mental agriculturists, whose productions vary, in degrees of merit, from that of the most "intense" order to the mere graceful and refined, vigorous and patriotic. We hold that the highest order of American fiction is that which most happily illustrates American character, scenery, life, and patriotism; and, as the exponent of these qualities, Mr. SIMMS is, unquestionably, the most truthful, faithful, and felicitous. The position which Mr. S. occupies, with respect to the literature of our country, is as honorable as it is conspicuous and eminent. He stands confessedly and worthily at the van of the writers of American fiction, notwithstanding the indiscriminate novel readers of the Northern States have otherwise decreed. But popular opinion, particularly when incensed by discomfited rivalry, and excited to an unwonted degree by sectional jealousy and animosity, is as unworthy of implicit confidence as it is to be the basis of an argument; and if it goes to prove anything,—and we hold that it does,—it is, that it is most frequently on the side of error. A striking and forcible demonstration of this conclusion is afforded by the recent political campaign. Those over whom fanaticism holds indubitable and uncontrollable sway, are the first and the only ones to deny to Mr. SIMMS the possession of those merits, to which his works rightfully entitle him; and this, principally, on account of the geographical location of his birth-place and residence. To the considerate and conservative thinker, this mode of criticism, or, more properly, wholesale denial of right, is as unjust, as ungenerous, as unmanly as it is preposterous and absurd. On the same principle they would condemn the fruit, notwithstanding it were of the best quality, simply because the tree that bore it grew upon the land of a husbandman who wore a cocked hat. That wise, pacific, and noble policy, which is ever ready to acknowledge merit and confer the suitable and proper reward, irrespective of the source whence it emanates, we regard as the most worthy, as it certainly is the most philanthropic.

The career of Mr. SIMMS, as a Novelist, brilliant and triumphant as it has been, was commenced, we believe, by the publication, by the Harpers of a small volume entitled "*Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal,*" in 1833. It was written rather more in the intense passionate style than either of his subsequent works. Yet it at once secured public attention. It at once stamped the author as a writer of sterling talent and ability,—a writer whose vigorous mind was capable of conceiving still greater things. This fact did not fail to attract and arrest the attention of the lamented poet and astute critic, EDGAR A. POE, who thereupon wrote, "the fiction of Mr. Simms gave indication, we repeat, of genius, and that of no common order. Had he been even a Yankee, this genius would have been rendered *immediately* manifest to his countrymen, but unhappily (*perhaps*) he was a Southerner, and united the southern pride—the southern dislike to the making of bargains—with the southern supineness and general want of tact in all matters relating to the making of money. His book, therefore, depended entirely upon its own intrinsic value and resources, but with these it made its way in the end. The "intrinsic value" consisted first of a very vigorous imagination in the conception of the story; secondly, in artistic skill manifested in its conduct; thirdly, in general vigor, life, movement—the whole resulting in deep interest on the part of the reader. These high qualities Mr. SIMMS has carried with him in [all] his subsequent books; and they are qualities which, above all others, the fresh and vigorous intellect of America should and does esteem. It may be said, upon the whole, that while there are several of our native writers who excel the author of "Martin Faber" at particular *points*, there is, nevertheless, not one who surpasses him in the aggregate of the higher excellencies of fiction. We confidently expect him to do much for the literature of his country." And most amply and satisfactorily has Mr. SIMMS fulfilled this expectation; as may be seen by the long list of his admirable and excellent romances.

"Martin Faber" (we sincerely hope Mr. SIMMS will soon give to the public a new edition of this capital tale) was followed by a great number and variety of fictions, and in each succeeding one of which, new proofs were given of the great force and originality of his genius, the power and vividness of his imagination, and the vigor of his intellect. They also gave indications of greater care, in their preparation, as well as a decided improvement in gracefulness and purity of style. Forcible and vigorous as was his first production, his subsequent works confirmed the belief that he was capable of producing a more graphic and felicitous romance.

In the present article we purpose to speak of and concerning our author as a Novelist, in which capacity we regard him as having achieved his most brilliant triumph. As a novelist, then, we regard him as one of the most accomplished and entertaining writers our country has produced, and destined to become one of the American classics. His every work bears upon its face the unmistakable evidences of originality, the stamp of a powerful genius, and that its author's knowledge of human nature is almost illimitable; while their graceful polish and healthy, manly tone, evince a thoughtful, energetic mind, and a highly cultivated intellect. He is one of the very few American novelists who possess, in the superlative degree, that "mysterious something" which writers of distinguished ability have determined to call genius. He writes with a degree of freshness and moral force not found in the productions of any other American author. The graphic portraiture which forms one of the prominent features, and distinguishing characteristics of his splendid series of Historical Romances, we are at a loss to find paralleled by any modern author. From his ancestors he inherited the spirit and enthusiastic ardor of a staunch American Patriot, and throughout all of his novels and romances,—nearly all of which are founded upon some romantic events connected with the American Revolution,—we find that magnanimous spirit of patriotism pretty plentifully interspersed. Everything relating to the Revolution; particularly when so graphically depicted as when it flows from the masterly pen of our author, possesses an indescribable charm for the American mind, and exercises a very potent sway over the American heart. And in the selection of a thesis—the Revolution and its incidents—no less than in the mode of handling it, has Mr. SIMMS given evidence of the praiseworthiness of his purpose, and the excellence of his judgment. He has taken the position that our own country affords quite as fertile a field for the employment of the novelist's pen as any other country; and in proof of the correctness of this assumption, we have but to refer the reader to his printed works.

Mr. SIMMS' imagination is eminently superior to that of either Thackeray or Bulwer; while in the skilful intricate construction of his plots, the forcibleness and directness of his illustrations, the good sense and good humor which pervade his romances, the acuteness of his perceptions, and vivid delineations of life and character, the straight-forward, manly tone of his narrative, and the naturalness, simplicity, yet grandeur of his descriptions, are superior to Cooper. His pages glow with that animation and power of thought, which gave to the romances of Scott their great popularity. Like the productions of the once great Unknown, his works have a charm, a fascination about them, which enchains the attention of the reader, as it were, from preface to conclusion. Take, for instance, that absorbingly interesting work, "*Charlemont, or the Pride of the Village.*" We defy any person whose soul is not dead to all emotional sympathies, and who can appreciate so splendid a literary performance, to relinquish it after he shall have read the first four chapters, until he has read it through. Every character, every scene, every incident in it is drawn to the life and to nature. The little village of "Charlemont" is pictured so graphically, as to appear to the mind as though it had been beheld by the eye; while the character of Margaret Cooper, proud, stately, imperious, yet possessed of a mind and genius far above her sphere; the warm-hearted, honest, faithful William Hinkly, her rustic lover and whom she cruelly contemns, but who subsequently rises to power and greatness while she, poor haughty creature, reposes in the suicide's grave; Ned Hinkly, the jovial fellow and an ardent lover of —— his violin, and who never performs less than he contracts to perform, but, on the contrary, to quote his own language, "I frequently give a man a sound licking when I only agreed to tweak his nose;" the aged schoolmaster, to whom William Hinkly was indebted for his future greatness; the pious, but bigoted John Cross; and then Alfred Stevens, how shall we characterize him? Had his character been portrayed, *in precisely the same language*, in Shakespeare's time, it would now be pointed to as the very archetype and personification of arch-hypocrisy and black-hearted villainy.—These are but some of the more prominent characters who figure in this, the best American novel that we have read. It is a book to stir up the feelings, to arouse the mind from its lethargic slumbers, to acquaint the reader with the fact that all who wear the priestly gown, have neither "the fear of the Lord in their hearts," nor are they commissioned by Heaven.

We know of no author who can express the burning ebullitions of human passion in such glowing, soul-stirring language as Mr. SIMMS; nor know we of an author who can delineate the divine working of the spiritual graces, the lofty resolves and noble impulses of the human heart, in such graceful, vivid, captivating, yet dignified language. Nor know we of an author who can mould his type of beauty and feminine loveliness after such exquisite manner. It is when sketching the matchless graces of noble woman—giving utterance to those gentle thoughts which sway the sterner heart of man, as they come forth from the guileless soul—when exhibiting to view, the inner life of the unsuspecting, confiding young maiden, while robed in the apparel of purity, that his style is the most captivating; but when, through the cunning duplicity of some heartless wretch, the frail creature in a luckless, and we say, evil moment, parts forever with her most estimable treasure, and he is called upon to chronicle the fall and the workings of the heart consequent upon that event as was the case with Margaret Cooper, he becomes the most eloquent, and gives some of the most forcible indications of the various powers and qualities of his comprehensive mind, and the ripeness and culture of his intellect. It is then that he utters "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." But we will leave the fate of Margaret Cooper to be read by our reader.

As a delineator of American life, and patriotism, and heroism, Mr. SIMMS is not excelled by any, and we doubt if equalled by any other of our American authors. In his Revolutionary Romances, you find life in those days "that tried men's souls" depicted with a truthfulness, enthusiasm, and ardor unmatched by the old chroniclers of the days and times of chivalry. In the main, you find but few fancy sketches there. They are nearly all drawn with the pen of history, and true to life. So close is his adherence to historical truth, as, in many cases, to destroy that continuous thread or unity of plot and action, wherein the ingenuity and skill of the novelist are most strikingly exhibited, and which lends that intense degree of interest to his narrative, else unattainable; but what is apparently lost in this respect, or, perhaps more properly, this apparent misconstruction of plot, which must necessarily give disappointment to the mere superficial novel-reader, is amply compensated by, and is a source of mutual benefit and delight to the historical student, who is aware of the fact that the lives, conduct, and destinies of the *dramatis personæ*, are not subject to the arbitrary control of the *author*, but that the author, on the contrary, is compelled to follow *them* through the devious windings of their respective lives, and depict, in language and style becoming the historian, their failures and triumphs, mishaps and successes, how much soever the conclusion to which they inevitably tend may be contrary to right, justice, and the author's feelings and desires. But the writer of historical romance has this advantage of the veritable historian, that he is permitted, ay, expected, to supply the hiatuses in his narrative, by the glowing creations of his imagination, and that, while the main incidents and events which he records are substantiated by the facts in the case, he is allowed to select particular acts and events in the lives of his characters, and to determine upon his own mode of conveying the facts to the reader. Like the Romances of Sir Walter Scott, from which a great amount of local history of the country about which he writes can be learned, and which is accessible in no other form, to the reading public, Mr. SIMMS' historical romances convey a clearer enunciation of the facts in Southern history than we have yet seen in any other form. Take, as an illustration of this fact, the series of Revolutionary Romances commencing with "*The Partisan,*" and which is the first of a triology completed by the publication of "*Millichampe*" and "*Catharine Walton, or the Rebel of Dorchester,*" and you have a fine delineation of social life at Charleston in the Revolutionary period. The action of these pieces covers the whole period of active warfare of the Revolution in South Carolina and presents every variety of military and patriotic movements of the regular and partisan encounter of the swamps and forest country. They include the career of Marion, Sumpter, Pickens, Moultrie, Hayne, and others, on the constant battle-field of the State, South Carolina being the scene of the most severe conflicts of the Revolution.

Another of the prominent merits of Mr. SIMMS' writings is the peculiar adaptation of character, language, style, circumstance to the places and the times of which he writes. Unlike Byron, whose ideal of a gentleman was a consummate but successful scoundrel, he takes pride in holding up to view the noble traits in human character as the most important and paramount. Notwithstanding his ideal man is of nobler order than that of Byron, yet, in order to show the contrast, and render the lesson the more fruitful and impressive, he exhibits in striking contrast the good and the bad. His sketches of American life partake so much of the reality as to be little else than transcripts from the volume of Nature. In illustrating the character of a backwoodsman he employs language adapted to the occasion. It is this faithful reflex of society in the times of which he is speaking, that lends to his works one of their most prominent and abiding merits. None other of our American authors have succeeded so well, in this respect, as Mr. SIMMS. As soon as he places his characters upon the stage, and you begin to form an acquaintance with them, you are led, instinctively, as it were, to approve of what he (the author) approves, and condemn what he condemns, so vivid is his portrayal of human events, and so complete is the control which he exercises over the mind of the reader. It is truly matter of surprise to witness the degree of interest with which he invests his subject, and the firm hold that it takes upon the imagination. His style alternates from the pathetic and eloquent, to the graphic and thrilling.

His works naturally divide themselves into district classes, of which the first is the Revolutionary Romances, which includes "*The Partisan,*" "*Millichampe,*" "*Katharine Walton,*" "*The Scout,*" "*Woodcraft,*" "*The Forayers,*" and "*Eutaw.*" Our space will not permit us to dwell upon the preeminent merits of these works, and we turn them over to our reader, firm in the belief that an attentive perusal of them is the best commendation that they can have. Second, the Border Romances of the South, which includes "*Guy Rivers,*" "*Richard Hundis,*" "*Border Beagles,*" "*Charlemont*" and "*Beauchampe.*" To "Charlemont" we have alluded more in detail than to either of the others of this series, and what we have there remarked, will apply equally to each of the others, *mutatis mutandis.* The third class is that of the Imaginative, which includes "*The Yemassee,*" "*Confession,*" "*The Wigwam and the Cabin,*" "*Southward Ho!*" etc. In each of these departments, his success has been very great.

"The numerous writings of Mr. SIMMS" very truthfully observes one of the editors of Duyckinck's *Cyclopadia of American Literature,* "are characterized by their earnestness, sincerity, and thoroughness. Hard worker as he is in literature, he pursues each subject with new zeal and enthusiasm. They are a remarkable series of works, when it is considered how large a portion of them involve no inconsiderable thought and original research. But Mr. SIMMS is no ordinary worker. Much as he has accomplished, much lies before him,—and in the prime of life, with a physical constitution which answers every demand of the active intellect, he still pursues new game in the literary world.

As an author, he has pursued an honorable, manly career. His constant engagements in the press, as a critic and reviewer, have given him opportunities of extending favors to his brother writers, which he has freely employed. His generosity in this respect is noticeable. Nor has his kindness been limited by any local feeling; while his own state has found in him one of the chief, in a literary view the chief, supporter of her interests. As a novelist, Mr. Simms is vigorous in delineation, dramatic in action, poetic in his description of scenery, a master of plot, and skilled in the arts of the practiced story-teller. His own tastes lead him to the composition of poetry and the province of imaginative literature, and he is apt to introduce much of their spirit into his prose creations. His powers as an essayist, fond of discussing the philosophy of his subject, are of a high order. He is ingenious in speculation and fertile in argument. Many as are his writings, there is not one of them which does not exhibit some ingenious, worthy, truthful quality."

But we forbear proceeding any further. We frankly admit,—if our remarks have not already demonstrated the fact,—that we are incompetent to the task of rendering to the genius of Mr. SIMMS, a suitable tribute. He is an author of whom not only the Southern States may and should, but of whom the *whole* country should feel proud. As Irving typifies Addison, so Simms typifies Scott.

Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, of New York, is now issuing new, substantial, and beautiful editions of our author's various works, of which those hereinbefore mentioned (with the exception of "Martin Faber") have already appeared. Ere this article appears in print, "*Vasconselos,*" will have been added to the already long list. But long as the list is, we shall hail it with pleasure; and may make it the subject of a separate article. If there be any one thing that we would earnestly recommend to our Southern friends it is, to read attentively the powerful works of Mr. SIMMS.

"Ever since you have taken to drinking John, you're not more than half a man," said a Temperance gentleman to a loafing brother.

"The fact is, you mean I'm only a demi John."

WOMAN'S LOVE.—As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow, that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affections.

MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN:—In January last, the Hon. Thomas H. Benton was invited to Lecture in aid of the New England Ladie's Medical College, which he gave in Tremont Temple, Boston. The following sentiments are from his appeal, which we publish for the benefit of such as have turned their minds in this channel of thought. And we can imagine many circumstances in the every day life of thousands, which might render the profession both pleasureable and profitable for ladies. Mr. Benton nobly sustains the institution----

"Women seem to be natural born physicians and nurses, especially where their own sex and children are concerned. They have an aptitude of feeling and of skill for the place; and, even without medical education, many of them fill a large sphere of usefulness and respectability in the healing art. They are the natural assistants of the regular physicians in all diseases; and, in many of those which concern their own sex, they are the only ones to whom, before it is too late, the revelations can be made on which life or future health depends. Every woman feels this; every father of a family knows it: and all must desire that, where there is such necessity for female physicians, and such natural aptitude in the sex for the vocation, education should be added to native ability to complete the measure of their usefulness.

"Great is the courage, as well as the skill of woman, in administering to the sick. Of this, we have just had an eminent instance in the young Englishwoman—Florence Nightingale and her companions—heroically going to the Crimea, braving death, and some of them receiving it, to minister to the wants and alleviate the sufferings of those of whom they knew nothing, except that they were human beings, and would need help.

"But it is not necessary to go far off for examples. This society for the education of female physicians, into whose room I have just looked, and seen the pupils busy in their studies, is evidence of woman's aptitude for the cares and labors of the medical profession. Learned professors instruct: matron directors assist to manage it; women are the pupils; the field of action unknown; but care, and responsibility, and personal inconvenience to be encountered, and sometimes danger wherever they may be. They brave it all, and prepare themselves to enter courageously, as well as skillfully, on their noble mission.

"Citizens: I have some experience personally of the courage, and devotion, and skill of women in administering relief under circumstances which appal the heart. I have been in St. Louis and New Orleans, and in steamboats on the Mississippi River, while cholera was raging as a pestilence, and terrified people flying for life; and I have seen in all these places, and in these terrible circumstances, courageous women braving danger, and exposing themselves to death, in carrying relief to dying friends, and even strangers. They seemed to me to have more courage than men under such trying circumstances—possibly because their sympathies were stronger. And, having this opinion of the aptitude of women for the duties of physician and nurse, and the absolute necessity for them in most of the complaints of their own sex, I bear my willing testimony in favor of the New England Ladies' Medical College, and rejoice in the opportunity which permits me to be of any service to it."

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, April 2.

Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15; Coffee 16½; Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 56@60; Corn 75@1.00, Meal 75@1.00; Chickens 10@12½; Eggs 10; Feathers 35@40; Flour 5.50@6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 13@14; Molasses 75@70; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 85@90, white 100@00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 2@3; Rice 8@10; Salt 2.00@0.00; Sugar, Brown 14@15, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.00@1.12; Oates 40@50; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, April 1.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Cumming & Styron, Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hoground 12½@, western sides 13@14, western shoulders 11@11, ham: 14@15; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 23@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 78@00; Cotton 12@12½; Coffee, rio 11½@12, lagura 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 7.75@0.00, extra 7.75, fine 6.75, family 7.75, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 90@1.00; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 44@45; Mackerel, 2 no. 6.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@; Oats 38@40; Rosin, no. 1, 1.50@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.05@1.10; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 50@60, sack 1.10@1.20; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 42@00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 2.55@0.00, hard 1.55@0.00; Tar 1.40@0.00; Wheat, red 1.40@1.45, white 145@1.50

NORFOLK MARKET, March 16.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 13@16, hoground 13@, western sides 12½; shoulders 10@11; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 23@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 64@67, mixed 60@62, yellow 64@65; Coffee, rio 11@12½, laguira 13; Candles, adamantine 26@30; Dried Apples, ₱ bus. 28 lb, 200@0.00, Peaches, peeled ₱ bus. 40 lb, 5½@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 7.00@7.20, superfine 7.00@0.00, extra 7.½@0.00, family 8¼@8½; Flaxseed 1.50@1.60; Guano, ₱ ton 58.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 13@14; Lime 1.12@1.25; Molasses 60@70; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ₱ sack, 1.60@1.70, ground alum 1.12@1.15, blown 160@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@14, crushed 14½@00, W. India 12@12½; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 7.00@7.25, sap do do 4.00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 27.00@31.00, H. O. hhd. 42.00@00.00, do heading 52.00@53.00; Soap, brown 4½@5, yellow 5½@6½; Wheat, red 1.40@1.50, white 1.45@1.50; Whisky 26@28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00@0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00@0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50@8.00, dry Cob and Hake, 3.75@4.50.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Flour—The market to-day is heavy, with sales of 7000 bbls. at a decline of 5 cents on State and 10 cents on Ohio; 5.65@5.75 for common to good State, and Southern 6.20@6.50 for mixed to good standard brands; Ohio 5.95@6.40

Wheat—The market was depressed, and sales of 17,000 bushels while Southern 1.58@1.60.

Corn—The market was firmer, with sales of 39,000 bushels new Southern at 68 cents for white.

BALTIMORE, March 28.—Breadstuffs are dull and unchanged.

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776; SECOND SERIES, by E. W. Carruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by

Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS.
E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
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RON. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina,

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY and FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principle. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are procured at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American Literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, be *Rev. C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

CONRAD DE CASTRO THE OATH BOUND—OR THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AND THE GOLDEN KEY.—A Union story by thirteen authors—Edited by *R. G. Staples.*

THE FAIR ROSETTA; OR, HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY, by *Stella Steele*

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AGNES HERBERT, by *Jeannie.*

LIZZIE LEE, by *Stella Steele.*

NED PERCY; OR LOVE AND PREJUDICE, by *Mrs. L. M. Hutchenson.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by *Miss Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Deseree, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLIE; OR THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Rob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; OR THE SNOW FLAKE, by *Miss Anna M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

GARCIA FENELON; OR THE TRULY GOOD, by *Mat Social.*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, by *Finley Johnson.*

THWARTED PLOTS, by *Clara Augusta.*

FASHION AND FOLLY; OR, WISDOM AND CHARITY, by *Ina Clayton.*

EMILY SOMERVILLE; OR, CONSTANCY REWARDED, by *Charles M. Tenley*, Associate Editor N. Y. Literary Journal.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES;—Their present appearance and Commercial prospect, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. R. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the TIMES a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

In order to meet our great expense and labor, we hope to receive at least

5,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Will not every one who loves home and home institutions, lend their name and influence to establish in their midst a great SOUTHERN LITERARY WEEKLY. With your help, we pledge you to spare neither labor nor expense to make the TIMES the best paper American genius can produce. We only ask you to try us one year.

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Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

REMOVAL OF OFFICE:—Subscribers receiving their papers from the Times office, and all others having business with the same, will please remember that after this issue, we move our Office to the second story of J & F Garrett's new brick building, opposite the Post Office.

NEW ATTRACTION:—We shall commence in the *Times* for the 16th April, a lengthy strory written by thirteen authors entitled "CONRAD DE COSTRO, THE OATH BOUND; *or the Mysterious Stranger and the Golden Key.*" How thirteen authors in nearly half as many states can keep a perfect connection in all the plots, and hold up the interest and excitemnt of the story, is a novelty which will add no little to its value. This is somethig new, and we give notice in advance, so that "back numbers" may not be called for when it is too late. Therefore, let such as wish to read this truly novel Story, send in their names immediately.

LENOIR COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE:—The visitors of this paper return their thanks to the Faculty and Directrs to the above Institute for an invitation to attend at the annual examation on the 10th and 11th June next. Rev. R. T. Heflin is to preach the annual sermon and Pres. Craven of Normal College, is to deliver the Address. Ample provisions will be made for the entertainment of visitors free of charge.

ABOUT RATS.

In the London Quarterly is an article on rats. We lay before our readers some of the most interesting portions of it, which may prove not only curious but profitable. Boswell relates that the wits who assembled at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds to hear Grainger's poem on the "Sugar Cane" read in manuscript, burst into laughter when after much pompous blank verse, a new paragraph commenced with the invocation.

"Now Muse, let's sing of rats."

But if a mean topic for the bard, they are an interesting subject to the naturalist, an anxious one to the agriculturist and of some importance to every body. They exist everywhere, in every climate and are every where troublesome and destructive.

They as regularly pass on ships from one country to another as men do. Scarcely a ship leaves port but it takes its compliment of rats and wherever the vessel touches, some will land, and others will come on board. In this way many a hoary old wanderer has circumnavigated the globe, and set his paws on twenty different shores. When on board they are secure, as long as the cargo remains, provided they can get water. If this however should be so well guarded as to prevent access to it, they frequently resort to curious expedients to meet the case. In a rainy night they will come on deck to drink and will even climb the rigging to sip the moisture which lies in the folds of the sails. When they have suffered thirst for a length of time, they will desert the ship the moment it lands. They get to shore dry shod, if possible, otherwise they plunge in and swim. Not many years ago they existed in millions in the drains and sewers of the city of London. Various methods have been devised for their destruction, but the writer says—

"The fact that rats are worth three shillings a dozen for sporting purposes proves, however the most certain means of their destruction, for it ensures their ceaseless pursuit by the great hunter, man. The underground city of sewers becomes one vast hunting ground, in which men regularly gain a livelihood by capturing them. Before entering the subterraneous world the associates generally plan what routes they will take, and at what point they will meet, possibly with the idea of driving their prey towards a central spot. They go in couples each man carrying a lighted candle with a tin reflecter, a bag, a sieve, and a spade; the spade and sieve being used for examining any deposit which promises to contain some article of value. The moment the rat sees the light he runs along the sides of the drain just above the line of the sewage water; the men follow, and speedily overtake the winded animal, which no sooner finds his pursuers gaining upon him than he sets up a shrill squeak, in the midst of which he is seized with the bare hand behind the ears, and deposited in the bag. In this manner a dozen will sometimes be captured in as many minutes. When driven to bay at the end of a blind sewer, they will often fly at the boots of their pursuers in the most determined manner.

"In France the sewer authorities hold an annual hunting match, on which occasion there is a grand capture of rats; these animals are not destined to afford sport to the 'fancy' under the tender manipulations of a dog 'Billy;' on the contrary, our neighbours have too much respect for the integrity of his hide. We are informed that they have established a company in Paris, upon the Hudson's Bay principle, to buy up all the rats of the country for the sake of their skin. The soft nap of the fur when dressed is of the most beautiful texture, far exceeding in delicacy that of the beaver, and the hatters consequently use it as a substitute. The hide is employed to make the thumbs of the best gloves, the elasticity and closeness of its texture rendering it preferable to kid."

In Paris they creep from street to street under the pavement which overhangs the gutters. This practice is well known by the citizens and every neighborhood has its story of their travels. The writer continues—

"Mr. Jesse relates an anecdote, communicated to him by a Sussex clergyman, which tends to prove that the old English rat at least shows a consideration and care for its elders on the march which is worthy of human philanthropy. 'Walking out in some meadows one evening, he observed a great number of rats migrating from one place to another. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion.' A kindred circumstance was witnessed in 1757 by Mr. Purdew, a surgeon's mate on board the Lancaster. Lying awake one evening in his berth, he saw a rat enter, look cautiously round, and retire. He soon returned leading a second rat, who appeared to be blind, by the ear. A third rat joined them shortly afterwards, and assisted the original conductor in picking up fragments of buiscuit, and placing them before their infirm parent, as the blind patriarch was supposed to be. It is only when tormented by hunger that they appear to lose their fellow-feeling, and to prey upon one another."

The sagacity of the rat in pursuit of food is almost incredible. The story is authenticated that in removing hen's eggs it has been done by one fellow lying on his back and grasping tightly the eggs in his fore paws whilst his comrades drag him away by the tail.

The destructive nature of the rat, the extraordinary manner in which he multiplies and his perpetual presence, (for wherever there is a place or hole in which he can hide and get something to eat he may be found,) have made him an object of hatred to all. But notwithstanding man and all animals pretty much have been turned against him trying to exterminate him, taxing ingenuity to invent methods of destruction, having all the world to think of him as of the poor boy in Oliver Twist, "Hit him hard, he ain't'a' got no friends," still there are about as many rats to all appearance now as there were a century ago, and if watched from a distance he appears as happy and complacent as if he were on the best terms with every body and was perfectly secure from danger.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE METHODIST GRAVEYARD is in scandalous condition. Every body interested ought to be ashamed of it. I wish to make a suggestion to those "having authority" in the premises—and I make it through the press because it will more probably reach attention than by any other way. I understand that there is a considerable fund raised for enclosing the graveyard, but not enogh to pay for iron railing all around it. I would propose that the funds on hand be *immediately* laid out for iron railing, as far as it will go. If enough for the front and two sides, or front and one side, or only for the front—let the balance have a temporary fence of palings or plank. The congregation will probably be better able to continue the improvement with iron, a year or two hence, than at present, while pecuniary pressure is so sensibly felt. But let the graveyard be enclosed *now*; for in its present condition it is a matter of shame and reproach to the congregation who have it in charge. As one who is personally interested, I feel privileged to speak freely.

SENEX.

March 31st, 1857.

Remarks on the above subject can hardly be given in terms too severe. Yet perhaps we can tell "Senex" and others "personally interested" something unknown to them. The congregation is not by any means *easy* on the subject; and it has not been two weeks since an official action was taken to effect a plan by which the subscription alluded to by "Senex" for the iron railing, might be completed and the grounds immediately enclosed. In this meeting it was ascertained that the fund previously raised lacked only about three hundred dollars of being enough to enclose the entire graveyard.

We are glad "Senex" has spoken to the public through the press, as it will prepare the way for the collectors, who, we understand, will be around in a short time.

THE TIMES.

As each number of the Times falls into the hands of those who have never seen a copy before, we deem it not improper to present for their benefit some expressions from those who have read it from the beginning. We are striving to make the Times the best weekly paper in all the country, and we hope our friends will hand their copies around among their neighbors with a kind word and "would you not like to subscribe for a good paper?" Always carry a copy in your pocket for this purpose, and when it is worn out we will resupply you. But to the extracts.

A gentleman of ability and whose writings we much admire, writing us from the State of New York, uses the following language----

"In regard to "*The Times*," I am compelled to say that the Northern States, which are so proverbial for Literary papers, can boast of no superior. Aside from the general good quality of its contents, I perceive a merit that but few of our Northern papers can boast of, and that is its non-interference with vexed and disputable political, or any other, issues. Its mission, I apprehend, is to dissiminate pure Literature; and, firmly believing that it comes up to the object of its mission, I can but wish it abundant success."

A gentleman writing from Texas, for some specimen copies to show among his neighbors, uses the following spirited language. We are expecting to hear from him again soon, with a large list of new subscribers----

"To day, for the first time, I learned with pleasure the undertaking you have charge of, and as a southerner, born and raised, and one not yet bound to the North soul and body I say go on, and God speed you. As a southerner I have long felt the galling yoke of dependence upon those who abuse and vilify us and our institutions, for our literary news papers and journals, and as one, am willing and anxious to give my mite to the support and maintainance of a literary paper of high standing and character in the south.

How often do we hear and read the exclimation of Northern men and northern papers, "The south has not the talent, ability or enterprise to carry out such an undertaking," and yet tens of thousands of southerners pay their money to Northern papers; it seems to me, but to hear themselves and their homes abused, and Messrs. Editors I fear that this song has been sung so long into our ears, that many of our own citizens entertain like ideas. Indeed I had not long since a lady to say to me, when I was trying to prevent her subscribing for a Northern journal, whose every feeling and wish was antagonistic to the dearest interest of the south;

"Why sir we cannot have the kind of journals or papers at home that we would wish, and therefore for a party and sectional feeling you would have us do without a paper or take a trashy concern, not worth the postage."

"No my dear madam not so, let 50,000 southern subscribers say here is our two dollars a piece, and see what kind of paper we will have equal if not superior in every point of view to any we now get" was my reply, but I was met by—

"I do not believe Dr. if it was quadrupled we could have such a journal as the one, I am going to take, we have not the enterprise or talent in the south."

Thus it is, and as long as Northern schools and papers draw our millions, I may say, we will not have a paper, such as we could send forth if southerners will no longer prove recreant to themselves, to the South and to coming generations."

A young lady sending an addition to her previous list of subscribers, says—

"I will here take occasion to mention that it was said by one of the subscribers (a very intelligent young lady) that she would not do without the "Times" for ten dollars a year. This will serve to give you some idea of the high estimation that is set upon your very valuable and praiseworthy paper, in Lenoir County."

For the following letter, we are much obliged to the writer.

SPARTA GA. March 11 1857.

Messrs Editors:—I notice that a good many of the friends of the "Times" speak highly of it, and recommend it to the public. But I apprehend that there is not as many at work endeavoring to sustain and circulate the "Times" as there should be. It is recommendation enough if those feeling an interest, would present a copy to their friends and let them carefully peruse it. By doing this they would notice the number of able contributors, and by reading from their pen, they could not but conclude with myself, that it is a most useful and instructive Literary paper. I wish the "Times" great success and may it be richly rewarded, ere long for its great merit, by a wide circulation in every Southern State.

We hope the above suggestions may be beneficial, and that our friends may renew their efforts in our behalf. We have not half enough subscribers yet to justify us in making the Times what we wish it to be. So far we have spent upon the paper more than the income, and as our circulation increases, we expect to increase the value of the paper. It is, therefore, the interest of every reader of the TIMES to increase his, or her exertions in sending us new subscribers. Now is a most excellent time as every body is begining to stir about from their winter confinement. Who will send us the *first* new club? We pause for a reply.

MERCHANTS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS:—An interested member of the fraternity of Merchants handed us the following rules a few days since, with the request to publish. We have read them and would respectfully recommend their adoption.

1 When visiting the shops, if you do not intend to buy at that time, but are merely looking around to see varieties of articles before you determine on what to purchase, candidly say so to the persons standing at the counter. They will (particularly if they know you) be perfectly willing to show you such things as you desire to see, in hope that you may return to their store and buy of them afterward. At the same time, avoid giving unnecessary trouble; and do not, from mere curiosity, desire such things to be brought, to you as you have no intention of buying.

2 The practice that is called cheapning, or beating down the price, is now nearly obsolete. Most tradesmen have a fixed price for every thing, and will not abate.

3 It is best always to buy rather too much than too little; and to have a piece left, rather than to get a scanty pattern, such as will barely hold out, leaving nothing for repairs or alterations. There is much advantage in getting an extra yard and a half, or two yards and keeping it back for new sleeves.

4 If you have given the salesman or saleswoman unusual trouble in showing you articles which you find not to suit, make some compensation, by at least one or two small purchases before leaving the store; for instance, linen to lay by as a body-lining for a future dress, gloves, mits, a neck-ribbon, cotton spools, pins, needles, tape, silk, &c—things that will always come to use.

5 Remember that in all American stores, the rule of, "first come, first served" is *rigidly observed*. Therefore, testify no impatience if a servant-girl, making a six penny purchase, is served before you which she certainly will be, if her entrance has preceded yours.

6 There are still some ladies (and men two) who think that the great art of shopping, is to disparage the articles shown to them, *to exclaim at the price*, and to assert that at other places they can get exactly such things infinitely lower. When shopping, (as well as under all other circumstances,) it is best to adhere to the truth. If you really like the article, why not gratify the salesman by saying so. If you know that the price is in conformity to the usual rate, you need not attempt to get it lower, for you will seldom succeed unless the salesman should be surrounded by peculiar circumstances just at that time.

7 Do not interfere with the shopping of other customers, (who may chance to stand near you at the counter,) by either *praising* or *depreciating* any of the articles they are looking at. Leave them to the exercise of their *own judgment*; unless they ask your opinion. And then give it in a low voice, and sincerly.

8 If you meet an old acquaintance in a store, it is not well to engage in conversation with her, and thus detain persons behind the *counter*, from waiting on other customers.

9 It is not admissible to try on *Kid Gloves* in a store.

10 It is very rude to have the store keeper show you half his goods, without wishing to purchase any thing at all.

ADMIRER.

Private Corner.

NOTES ON LITERATURE:—Our valuable contributor, Geo. W. Cothran, furnishes an interesting article in this paper an W. Gilmore Simms, as a Novelist. We hope the length will deter no one from reading the article, as it is well written and calculated to profit all. It is but seldom our southern writers have justice done them, and it should be our every day pleasure to lend an encouraging hand for the developement of a home literature. The next "Note" presents Mr. Simms, as a Poet which we publish week after next.

WOLVERINE SKETCHES:—E. M. Bement, who is furnishing these sketches of the early times in Michigan, when the red men were numerous and depredatory, writes with quite a fluent pen; and being an eye witness, his *dramatis personæ* are accurately described to life, and the reader is often excited to the highest pitch as the personal contest between the white man and the Indian wavers in uncertainty; and again he is moved to laughter by the comical performances of the row "back woodsman." We perhaps may commence these sketches in the issue for the 16 inst., and they will be continued for some time. Judging from the three numbers received, they will form a series of papers of very great interest.

PHONOTYPY:—We have received the initial number of a series of articles on this subject, and as it is exciting quite an attention in the world of reform, we will be pleased to present the subject in full to our readers. It is something very little understood in our midst, though it has met with success in some localities. The writer very clearly shows the *need* of a reform; its practicability, however, may not be quite so easy. But he shall speak for himself in a few weeks.

We have received during the week, but have not time to notice separately—Mr. Simms' second letter—I'll live in Carolina—An extract from 'Life's Golden Dream,' a poem by A. Perry Sperry—Waifs from Sycamore dale, by C. H. Criswell—Star of Hope, &c., &c.

F. W. M.—Would be pleased to examine your "Debate" on the Common School system

TOWN ELECTION.

Messrs. Editors:—The rulers of a town always have much to do with the business spirit of the people, and the general appearance and prosperity of the community; and as next Monday is the day for the annual election for Mayor and Commissioners of Greensboro, we feel anxious that the most suitable persons should be selected. With all due defference to such other tickets as may be formed, we would respectfully recommend the following as eminently worthy in the estimation of

MANY VOTERS.

For Mayor—C. G. YATES.

For Commissioners—A. P. Eckle, J. F Jollee, J. M. Garrett and John Sloan.

POSITION IN SLEEPING:—As most persons are interested in this luxury, and none so poor as not to indulge in its soothing embrace, perhaps the following advice from Holl's Journal of Health may be both profitable and interesting.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation and the health and strength of the effort made to escape the danger.

But when we are not able to escape the dangers when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their bed in the morning: "That they where as well as they ever were the day before:" and often it is added, and ate heartier then common. This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more we give more as a paivate opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to defer any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know, with certainty, that waking up in the night with a painful diarrhœa, or cholera, or billous colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.

A conceited fellow, in introducing his friend into company, said:

"Gentlemen, I assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems."

The gentleman immediately replied, "That is exactly the difference between my friend and myself."

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON.—On Saturday last there were but sixteen miles of staging on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Rail Road. The Memphis *Bulletin* says, should the weather contiue favorable, we are assured that the track-laying on the Memphis and Charleston Rail Road, will be completed in the next twelve days; and the passenger trains making through trips. This is glorious news, and we have but little doubt that it will be realized by that time.

A PROFITABLE CROP.—The Fredericksburg Herald says: Mr. George D. Blackley of Spottsylvanic has just sold the product of two acres of ground on which he raised Tobacco the last season, which netted him in the Richmond market the pretty sum of $302 58. The farm on which Mr. B. lives, cost him a few years ago less than $3 an acre. And he now reaps over $150 per acre for tobacco seeded on two acres. There is a general disposition to grow tobacco in all this section of Virginia, and appearance indicate that in another year full half the farmers in Stafford and Spotsylvania will have become tobacco growers."

Generosity produces generosity

DIED,

In this place of Consumption, on Monday night last, FRANK WINTERS, a native of Germany. The deceased has a sister in the Northwest; the only relative in America.

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65::1y:) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MACHINE POETRY.—As improvements are constantly being made in the Ambrotype business, I have invented a Machine for grinding poetry which will I think work charmingly after I get in practice, the first piece is by no means a fair specimen, but will serve to give the public some idea what a little "perseverance and sweet oil" can accomplish.

Come over to Starrett's come every one come,
Who wish a likeness, in pairs or alone;
I'll begin none for a dollar or two,
But give each a picture, that's lifelike and true.
The rose and the lily, he'l blend on each cheek,
And give to the eyes such a lustre, they'd speak,
And sparkle with wit, and throw such a charm
O'er th' whole face, that the woman, or man,
Will be delighted with them, in expression and mein.
For they'l each smile as sweet, as a babe in a dream.
Then, come over to Starrett's, yes ladies, and gentlemen come,
If you wish to get a good likeness, for any one,
Say, an Uncle, or Aunt, a Father, or Mother,
A Sister, or friend, a belle, beau, or lover.
And he'l paint their portrait, so well on th' glass,
That not one of their features, from it will ever pass:
But there remain ever, as they now appear,
To cheer while they live, and when gone, oh, how dear!
Such a token will be, to the bereaved heart:
When those that it loves, from earth shall depart.
Therefore, he *characatures* none for a dollar, oh, no!
It would be cruel in him, were he to do so,
He's a man of his word and will perform
All that he says, or acknowledge the corn,
By at once backing out and——

There my machine is broke and will need repairing which will be done soon, as poetry is in demand by the fraternity. I hope the Editors and the public will not class me with the poets, but when they want good Ambrotypes "count me in!" A. STARRETT.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.
☞ Patriot please copy.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving a superior stock of ready made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.
S. ARCHER.
East Market st., Greensboro, April 1, 1857.

LO, HERE AM I!—IN REPLY to an inquiry by A Starrett, in last week's Times, as to where Z. S. Coffin, the Ambrotypist, is, I would say, "Lo, here am I," over the Store of Gilmer & Hendrix, where I am taking Ambrotypes at the rate of a dozen a day! And I would further say, that the gentleman must have been playing the part of "Old Rip Van Winkle," or he would have seen *some* of the *many* beautiful specimens that have gone out from my gallery, where I may be found at any and all hours of the day. He further says, I "talk loud of my hundred dollars on paper." Now, all I have to say, sir, is, if you wish to risk one hundred dollars that you can produce a style of Ambrotypes superior to mine, you have only to signify that desire by *depositing the amount*, and we will have the matter determined by competent judges.
April 1. Z. S. COFFIN.

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—In reply to an advertisement given by Z. S. Coffin, offering a reward of **$100**, to any person of this County, who would produce Ambrotypes superior to his, I beg leave to say, that by depositing **$100** in the "Savings Bank" of N. C., and appointing Competent Judges, I will exhibit my Specimens on any day, that he will mention; or if the above is not satisfactory, if he will deposit the money as aforesaid, and his Specimens with the C. C. Clerk, I will also deposit Specimens with same and the decision may be made by the Intendant and Comissioners of the town.
ALEXANDER STARRETT.
March 18 1857.

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Wand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.
R. G. LINDSAY,
April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER
LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*
MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,
WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

WASHING.
GENTLEMEN, who want washing done, can ascertain, by enquiring at the Times Office, where they can have it done in the best manner and on reasonable terms.
Feb. 4. 1857. (57—3t.)

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.
☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N. C. will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8. 1857. 53ly

W. H. REECE,
CONSTABLE,
WILL STRICTLY ATTEND TO the collection of *ALL DEBTS* intrusted to his care with promptness and dispatch.
Address Post Office, Jamestown, N. C.

CATALOGUE OF FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST received and for sale at the DRUG STORE, by W. C. PORTER.

ASPARAGUS,
Law's Grant.
BEETS,
Extra Early Blood beet,
Long Smooth Dark Blood,
Early Blood Turnip,
Yellow Turnip,
White Sugar.
BROCOLI,
Early White,
" Late.
BUSH BEANS,
Early Valentine,
" Yellow 6 weeks,
Large White Kidney,
Early Refugee or 1000 to 1,
White Cranberry,
Red Speckled Valentine,
Large Lima or Butter,
White Dutch Runner.
CABBAGE,
Early York,
" Sugar Loaf,
Large Flat Dutch,
" Eng. Drumhead,
Fine Drumhead Savoy,
Green Globe Savoy,
Red Dutch for Pickling,
Large Am. Drumhead,
Wetherfield Prem flat Dutch,
Large Drumhead Savoy.
CAULIFLOWER,
Early London,
Large Late Asiatic.
CARROT,
Long Orange,
Whitefield.
CELERY,
White Salla,
Rose Colored,
New Silver Giant.
CUCUMBER,
Early Frame,
" Russian,
" Cluster,
London Long Green,
Extra " Turkey,
Gherkin.
EGG PLANT,
Long Purple,
" White.
EARLY CORN,
Early Sweet or Sugar,
" Tuscarora,
LETTUCE,
Early White Cabbage,
" Ice Head.

MELONS,
Large Musk,
Green Citron,
Pine Apple,
Mountain Sweet,
Yellow Cantelope,
Nasturtium or Indian Cress.
ONIONS,
Extra Early Red,
White Portugal,
Sette Large Red.
OKRA,
Long White,
PARSLEY.
Myatt's Garnishing,
Plain,
Curled
PARSNIPS,
Fine Sugar,
Long Smooth.
PEPPER GRASS,
Curled,
Broad Leafed,
PEPPER
Long Cayenne,
Large Sweet Bell-shaped.
PEAS.
Extra Early May,
Early Frame or June,
Dwarf Sugar,
J. R. & Co.'s Extra Early.
RADISH,
Early Frame Radish,
Long White Summer,
" Scarlet Short Top,
White Turnip,
RHUBURB,
Mytt's Victoria.
SQUASH,
Early Summer,
Lima Cocoanut,
Early Summer Crook Neck.
SWEET HERB,
Lavender,
Sweet Majoram,
Lemon Balm,
Sage.
TOMATO,
Large Yellow,
" Red,
J. R. & Co.'s Large Red.
TURNIP,
Large Eng. White flat,
Early flat Dutch or Summer,
Yellow Globe.

Feb. 14.

LEAD ORE—THE UNDERSIGNED is prepared to purchase LEAD ORE, of good quality, in large or small quantities, and will pay for the same its true value according to the per centage yielded by Assay. The Ore to be delivered in Philadelphia,—directed to JOHN KESSLER, jr.
64::2w Philadelphia, Pa.

REMOVAL.—THE SUBSCRIBER having removed his Gallery to Garret's New Building, Room No. 4. Where he has a fine Northern light, is now prepared to take Ambrotypes or Melanotypes, in all the beauty of the art not to be excelled by any "Celebrated Artist" whatever.
Ambrotypes colored true to life if desired, and warranted. His Melanotype is a beautiful picture, taken on sheet iron and warranted not to fade. He would further say to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Greensboro and vicinity, that he is thankful for past favors and hopes to merit a continuance of their patronage.
AMBROTYPES for **One Dollar** Only. Call and examine his Specimens.
ALEXANDER STARRETT.
March 18 1857.

AMBROTYPES—AT COFFIN'S GALLERY you can get an Ambrotype for only one dollar. Come everybody and get one. These Ambrotypes are finished up transparent.
These Ambrotypes are finished up with two glasses hermetically sealed together.
These Ambrotypes are colored natural to life.
These Ambrotypes are warranted neither to fade nor spot.
These Ambrotypes are excelled by none in the Union.
He takes the likenesses of children in from two to four seconds sitting.
His rooms are ovpr Gilmer & Hendrix's store.

When in the course of human events,
It right becomes for men of sense
Their likeness to perpetuate;
Mere common reason will dictate
That they a picture should procure,
Which will the lapse of time endure.
These truths I hold self evident,
Daguerreotypes ant worth a cent,
For they will just as sure as day
All spot and rust and fade away.
Then now my humble self I flatter
That I can—but it does not matter.
All I ask is come and see
The pictures in my Gallery;
Come Ladies fair, and Shentle mens
And see my splendid specimens;
Come aged ones, whose locks are gray,
And get a likeness while you may,
That by and by your progeny
May great grand papa's image see.
Come middle aged, in prime of life!
Come husband, come and bring your wife!
Perhaps she is pretty, sir, and may be,
She has got a pretty baby;
And if so, don't forget to bring
The pretty little tiny thing.
And of yourself, your wife and pet,
A perfect likeness you shall get.
Come maidens fair and gallant beaux,
As flies the time your beauty goes;
Come get your likeness in a locket,
To carry in each other's pocket,
That by and by when you are old,
Your beauty still you may behold.
Come now ye honest Legislators,
Whether lesser ones, or greater;
Whether married or old batch,
Handsome or Homely or—no matter what;
Come honored members of both parties
And patronize a native Artist.
Come and come all and I will ever
Grateful be as you are clever.
Z. S. COFFIN.
March 25, 1857.

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.—Mrs. WHEELER & Mrs. OAKLEY take this method of informing their friends & customers that they have received their new stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods—consisting of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, &c. Particular attention paid to Dress-Making. We have one of the best systems of Dress-Cutting in this country, and have made arrangements to receive direct from New York Patterns every month. Room No. 2, over Garrett's store.
Greensboro, March 25, 1857. 64tf

E. W. OGBURN, dealer in School, Religious, Scientific, Standard, prose and Poetical Works in General Literature; Law Books, Miscellany, Albums, Music and Writing Port Folios, Writing Desks, Music and Musical Instruments, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.
Greensborough, N. C.
Market Street, second square from the court house.

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!
MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

N. L. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

BLANK WARRENTS FOR SALE.

The Youth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HESSIE ABBOT;

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY "LELIA LAVREL."

CHAPTER XVII.

Six months of the last year of Hessie's term had expired, and failing health began now to make her fear that the object she so much wished would never be obtained—for over exertion had nearly prostrated her physical frame and rendered her an easy prey to disease. But yet another obstacle arose to debar her from prosecuting her studies; her mother's health which was always delicate became more so now, and she needed the calm soothing presence of Hessie, to while away the hours and make declining life more agreeable. They called her home. Though she repined at the severing of those links that had for eighteen months bound her to her stranger friends and made them love and respect her, yet more than all, she dreaded a seperation from Fidelia, the object of her tender solicitude and watchful hours. She felt that the vital spark was almost extinguished, but the patience, meekness, and unparalleled resignation with which she felt the approaching hour, robed death of its dreariness and the grave of its dread.

Hessie went to take a last leave, preparatory to going home, and it was deeply affecting, tears like rain flowed from the eyes when the pale attenuated arms clasped her friend's neck.

"Oh, Hessie, must you leave me forever? Shall I never see you more? will the sun set forever on our meeting? The thought is agony—your unceasing kindness I cannot repay—your christian example will radiate in glory, and its example will not go to the grave forever, to remain unseen. No, it cannot, a heart like yours is capable of doing much good. I cannot give you money to compensate you for past kindnesses, but take this—it contains the miniature of Fidelia. Look upon it when you are sad, and think of the hours we have beguiled, of the little acts of kindness you have bestowed upon her, and then think that it made my life happier; made my dying bed softer, and when my hour shall come will make it sweeter, to know I leave a true friend behind who will meet me in world's of bliss."

One kiss and they parted; Hessie's journey was long and lonesome, the past seperation clouded her mind and made the hours drag heavily.

Hessie had gone but little more than half her journey homeward when, "Passengers please select their baggage and have it marked," sounded through the cars; she followed the crowd and waited patiently for hers to appear but it did not—it had been left at the last depot, by mistake, which was three miles back.

"Oh, what shall I do," said Hessie?

"Any trouble lady?" said a voice behind her.

"My baggage is lost sir, and I cannot wait for it as I am going to a sick mother who lives in A——, so I must proceed without it."

"I will obtain a carriage and send it to the next depot."

"Thank you."

"What name?"

"Morrill Abbott."

"Where bound?"

"To A——"

"I am going there also—is he your father, Miss?"

"Yes sir."

"Is there a little girl by the name of Webber residing at your father's?"

"Oh, yes, she is my cousin, her father and mother were lost at sea."

"No they were not, her father survived after many hardships and now stands before you, but the mother was drowned."

"Possible!"

"Oh, how sweet to know one link yet remains to bind me to this earth—that life is not a total desert."

The baggage was found, and it was now time to commence their homeward-bound journey. How swift flew the hours now, how satisfying to the eager soul that was almost home. One more station and then home.

They were there in the bosom of that home, where a mother greeted an absent daughter—a father found a long lost daughter. Oh, how happy none can tell, none imagine. So much to tell, so much to talk about that midnight tatled out before they thought of seperating. Albert had his transactions on the farm to tell, his first exploit in teaching to recount, which was enough to draw a smile from the most fastidious, to hear his adventures in boarding round. Then there was Jenny, the little pony, which had been given Hessie when it was a little colt, he had grown wonderfully wise, and knew every one of the family, and Ally had to tell about her progress in education and her pet kittens, and poor Manger, what good care she had taken of him, so she believed that he loved her better than his mistress. Manger was called in to attest the truth but he was not long in remembering Hessie's voice, that had never spoken a cross word, no she would not for the sake of the giver. Allie sliped rou and spliced a chair for Manger beside Hessie, here manger sit there and be obeyed as melancholly as a child, this raised their risable faculties, and even Mrs. Abbott, the sick luvalid, would not suppress a little merriment. It was a happy scene. But when all had drawn from the fireside, to their respective rooms, the mother said:—

"Hessie, I wish you to send a petition to heaven for this happiness it's more than earthly hands can bestow, so ask his protecting power upon us all."

Hessie obeyed; she had not forgotton the old custom of calling on the Father for aid, and continued blessings. No, in that same room had she prayed by the side of that fond mother's knee. The door opened softly, Allie glided softly in, and stood till the prayer had ended.

"What, Allie, you up! I thought you retired some time ago."

"I did but I could not get to sleep for I forgot to kiss aunt Milla, my joy was so great."

"Good child, kiss cousin Hessie too,—but why that tear drop, Ally?"

"Oh, nothing."

"But I wish to know Allie"

"Oh, I wish mother, dear mother, was here to joy with us to-night, and clasp her little girl as aunty did you; but I am happy, only at that sad thought."

"Good night again."

"Good night, dear, pleasant dreams."

"Hessie, that child has been a comfort to me in your absence, as near filled your place as possible; but I fear we shall now have to part with her."

Then there was those little secrets that every one knows of to tell mother, that had transpired the past eighteen months and the trials and Fidelia, who had wound the cord of love so tenderly about Hessie that she almost wished she could be there and administer to her wants.

Her mother was so much better than Hessie expected to find her, for her gradually failing health gave Hessie a fear of sealed disease.

"Hessie you must retire now, it is almost two o'clock and your journey requires rest—so go to your room."

"Good night mother."

The morning sun rose above a cloudless sky, not a cloud mared its refulgent beauty, but it rose and shone upon the just and the unjust, the happy and the unhappy, upon the sick and dying, the distressed and suffering, but his proud career, not more fully emblemized the state of the Abbot's than that of the state whose seal is the emblem of the rising sun When the clock struck seven they repaired to breakfast, there were happy faces, joyful hearts, around the board that cloudless morning. Sweet sleep had restored their lagging spirits and they were in themselves a heaven below. As I said before Mr. Abbott never professed the religion of Jesus but the uncle thanked God for his food that his goodness had permitted us to enjoy.

Then came the recital of uncle Webber's narrow escapes and sufferings.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO MISS B.....

BY * * *

"Yet often will thought look back and weep
over early affection,
And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be
heard as a reproachful spirit."—*Tupper.*

Strive as thou wilt, thou canst not part
His image from thy secret heart;
The memory of the years gone by,
Will shadow o'er thy azure eye,
And darken, through the future, there,
"As streams their channels deeper wear."

Strive as thou wilt, thou canst not quell
The songs of other days, that swell
Along thy inner life, and flow,
Resistless, to the "long ago;"
Within thy soul will ever throng
"The dim notes of that pleasant song."

Strive as thou wilt, thou canst not cast
Oblivion's veil above the Past;
Another heart may woo and win,
Yet thou wilt weep o'er *what hath been*,
And learn, with deep, too late regret,
How vain to strive to quite forget!

"Often will thought look back and weep"
O'er early love, so fond and deep;
The lover-brow thy hand hath pressed,
The loving lips so oft caressed,
Through all thy coming years will rise,
Reproachful, to thy spirit eyes!

Crush not the heart whose every vine,
In deathless love entwineth thine;
Break down the barrier that parts
The pulsings of two yearning hearts,
Nor bid their future numbers flow,
In anthems of remorseful wo!

Not yet the fatal word is spoke,
Not yet the golden chain is broke,
That binds thee to the 'hours that were;'
Crush not the hopes that blossomed there,
Nor stamp, upon thy future fate,
The heart's mad epitaph: "*too late!*"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO ONE WHO KNOWS.

BY ONE WHO WAS.

Long years have passed since last we met,
In your cottage house by the river side;
Long years of joy and grief, and you are yet
The same ideal of my youth time's pride.

It seems to me but yestere'en, I stood
With you beneath the bright star orbs above,
Upon the moss bank of that rolling flood,
Whispering, each the other, words of love.

Of musing on that long ago, I seem to live
Amid the pleasant fancies of those happy hours,
And feel the joy Love memories often give,
Thronging the mind with her fast fading flowers.

I wish they could be ours again, the glad gay days,
When every thought of mine, reechoed thine;
I'd gladly wonder from my present lonely ways,
And ask to worship at thy heart's pure shrine.

But no: it may not be; a sad dark fate
Has willed it, and our feet no more shall tread
Love's pathway; each spirit seeks in vain its mate,
And will, until in Heaven they are wed.

Lansing, Mich.

SONNET.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

And then at early morn I saw thee die!
O, death is but a sinking into rest,
A fearful password to our home on high,
A whispered welcome to our Savior's breast.
Yes, I have watched the glorious summer-time
As with fair fingers she wove out her pall
Of blossoms but to fade with Autumn's prime;
And then, like thee, the fairest one—to fall.
And now the murmurs of the homeless wind,
The slanting sun-rays through each leafless tree,
Are like the hopes I strive in vain to bind,—
The fragments of Love's broken rosary!
They make my inner world forever fall
O, [illegible] melodies, so sad, so beautiful!

Farm, House and Fyn.

HINTS FOR YOUNG GARDENERS.—Cultivate nothing carelessly. Whatever is worth cultivating at all, is worth cultivating diligently and well.

Many kinds of garden seeds lose their germinating power when more than a year old. Therefore, be careful to sow fresh seed whenever practicable.

But melons, cucumbers, pumpkins, and members generally of this family, are an exception to this rule. The seeds of these should not be sown till after they are several years old. Plants from old seeds produce less foliage, and more fruit. [Doubtful, *Ed.*]

The seeds of most kinds of weeds retain their germinating power for an almost indefinite period. Hence, weeds should always be carefully gathered and burnt, as the most effectual mode of destroying the seeds.

The first leaves which appear on the surface are, for the time, the sole supporters of the life of the young plant. They sustain it till it has formed roots, and, if prematurely destroyed, or much injured, the plant will die.

Seeds will not germinate unless exposed to the influence of moisture, air, light, and heat. They should, consequently not be covered too deep, or they may fail to sprout.

It is in ordinary cases, not profitable or advisable to raise your own seeds. Your soil and your time should be of more value and importance to you than the cost of new seed. Besides, such as is raised on a soil different in composition from your own will most probably thrive better.

"The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine upon the mountain top waves its sombre boughs and cries: 'Thou art my sun.' And the little meadow violet lifts up its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, 'thou art my sun.'—And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, 'thou art my sun.' And so God sits effulgent in Heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low, that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, 'my Father! Thou art mine.'"

PEARLS OF PRAYER.—"Our Father! Thou knowest that through the week we go down into valleys of care and shadow. Grant that our Sabbaths may be hills of light and joy in Thy presence; and so, as time rolls by, may we go on from mountain-top to mountain-top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in to go no more out for ever."

"As prisoners in castles look out of their grated windows at the smiling landscape, where the sun comes and goes, so we from this life, as from dungeon bars look forth to the Heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free."

"We thank Thee for all those budding promises which are yet to burst into flowers."

ORNAMENTAL TREES.—Now is a good time, for farmers to go into the woods and select and transplant maples for ornament, and this they should by no means omit to do. It will be our province to prove, in subsequent issues of this paper, that trees, shrubs, and flowers, while they ornament, and give grace and beauty to the farm house and grounds are not without their uses, and further to convince our readers that our trees growing near our houses, are better suited for ornament than all the Lindens, poplars, mulberries and other like favourites, in the world. For the present, we must content ourselves with merely urging our farmers to plant trees for ornament and with simply stating that they can find all they need in their own woods.

BEETS,—Sow in drills, about eighteen inches apart, and cover the seed in to the depth of two inches. The soil ought to be very rich, generally the richest in the garden. It is a good plan, to sow beets, carrots, parsnips, and salsafi, all in one bed, observing for each the directions given for sowing beets. Of course the seed should be put in separate drills, though in the same bed.

"Have you ever seen a cactus growing? What a dry, ugly, spiny thing it is! But suppose your gardner takes it when just sprouting forth into buds, and lets it stand a week or two, and then brings it to you, and lo! it is a blaze of light, glorious above all flowers. So the poor and lowly, when God's time comes, and they begin to stand up and blossom, how beautiful they will be."

"As a rose after a shower, bent down by tear-drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand as it did before once more upon its stem; so one who is bowed down with affliction, longs for a friend to lift him out of his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoce. Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected like April airs upon violet roots."

A wretched of a husband and father writes thus to an editor in Providence, Rhode Island: "If women were turned out of doors in Kansas with no more cloths on than my wife and daughters wore when they went to a party one cold night last week, it would have been an 'outrage,' and the Journal would have had two leaders about it."

There is one good wife in the country and every man thinks he hath her.

A CARD.

THE MERCHANTS of Greensboro, feeling the necessity of a change in their manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold due the first of each July and the first of each January, without regard to the date of the purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.

January 1, 1857:

J. & F. GARRETT,
W. J. McCONNEL,
GILMER & HENDRIX,
A. P. ECKLE,
T. J. PATRICK,
J. F. JOLLEE & CO.,
J. N. THOMPSON,
R. G. LINDSAY,
J. R. & J. SLOAN,
W. C. PORTER,
A. WEATHERLY,
RANKIN & McLEAN,
WINBOURNE & WITTY,
C. N. McADOO.

(56::tf)

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes, } Corn & Cob
Sinclair's Little Champion, & } Crushers.
Leavelt's improved Young America.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added.

JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge*.

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge*, on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59::1y)

MARBLE YARD.

NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. HEINRICH.
Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge*.

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

J. BEVERLY HUNTER,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
SUNSBURY GATES Co., N. C.

WILL GIVE prompt attention to the collection of all Bounty Land Claims, Revolutionary Pensions etc., that may be placed in his hands.

He will also attend to buying and selling located Lands in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas.

☞ Terms moderate. No charge made in any case unless Successful.

REFERS TO—

Thos. Bragg,	Governor N. C.
Hon. H. W Miller,	Raleigh N. C.
" Kenneth Rayner,	Raleigh N. C.
Col. R. T. Paine,	N. C. N. C.
Joseph Segar	Hampton, Va.

(51—6m.)

CABINET WARE ROOMS
BY
PETER THURSTON,
West Market, Greensboro, N. C.

LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order cheap. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metallic Octagon Burial Cases.

January, 1857. 58::1y

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.

ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.

JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

TWELVE Sermons by Dr. Deems, Just received and for sale by
E. W. OGBURN.

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON.
CUMMING & STYRON,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

SOUTHERN LOTTERY. ON THE HAVANA PLAN of Single Numbers. JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY, *by authority of the State of Georgia.* This lottery has only 15,000 numbers—less than any lottery in the world! *SATURDAY SMALL SCHEME!* to be drawn in public, at Macon, Ga., under the sworn superintendence of Col. Geo. M. Logan and W. C. Anderson, Esq. Every Saturday in March and April, 1857. 15,000 NUMBERS. Capital Prize $5,000!

Prizes payable without deduction.

Class 17, March 21st; Class 18, March 28th; Class 19, April 4th; Class 20, April 11th; Class 21, April 18th; Class 22, April 25th.

Scheme.

1 Prize of		$5,000
1 "		1,500
1 "		1,000
1 "		1,000
3 Prizes of	$500 are	1,500
50 "	100 are	5,000
100 "	50 are	5,000
1,516 "	16 are	24,000
1,657 Prizes amounting to		$44,000

Whole Tickets $4; Halves 2; Quarters 1,

☞ Certificates of Packages of Ten Tickets, are sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

10 Whole Tickets	$24
10 Half "	12
10 Quarter "	6

Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par. Checks on New York remitted for Prizes. Address Orders for Tickets or Certificates of Packages of Tickets to

JAMES F. WINTER, *Manager*,
(52::1y) *Macon, Ga.*

Extra Class X, Large Scheme draws May 15th, 1857, 30,000 Numbers—Capital $60,000.

Direct Line to
RICHMOND, Va.

Fare through from Greensboro' to Richmond via Danville, Va., only $7, being four dollars and thirty cents cheaper than any other line running from Greensboro' NORTH.

THE Proprietor of the stage line from Greensboro', N. C., to Danville, Va., would inform the public that he is now running a *Daily Line of* **4 Horse Coaches,** (Sundays excepted,) from the former to the latter place, connecting at both points with the Rail Roads.

Leaves Greensboro' daily (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock P. M., and arrives in Richmond next day in time to take the evening train going *NORTH.*

Persons wishing to visit Wentworth or Madison, by taking the Danville stage at Greensboro' on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, will reach either of these places the same night.

Dec. 19, 1856. J. HOLDERBY,
(21::1y e-o-w)

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.

GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C.

THE Spring Session of Oak Ridge Institute will open on Tuesday (the 17th day) of February, under the instruction of

REV. T. S. WHITTINGTON, A.B.,

with competent assistants.

As the principal has had five years experience in training the youthful mind, the Trustees feel confident in recommending the School.

This Institution is located in a highly refined and moral community, in the Northwest part of Guilford county on the Salem and Danville road: 15 miles from the former and 50 from the latter place. It is 15 miles from Greensboro, at which place, students coming on the Cars, take the Salem stage to Kernersville, thence by private conveyance to the Institution a distance of 7 miles.

The Institution offers every facility necessary to prepare young men for the highest Collegiate Classes, or, if *continued* with us to make them profound thinkers and thorough scholars in every department of a classical education.

BOARD is invariably $6 per month; Tuition varies from $8 to $12.50 per session; Matriculate Fee, $1 per session.

For further information, address the Principal or Jesse Benbow, Secretary of the Board.

Oak Ridge P. O., N. C. (54::3m)

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856 1-1y.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others:

Hon. Thomas Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade. G. & H. Williams, Person. 6::1yr.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22::7m

NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS.—1280 acres of land for sale—The subscriber offers for sale the following tracts of land each containing 160 acres. The North-east quarter of section 24 of township 54 North in range 21 West. Chariton county, Missouri.

The North-west quarter of section 11 of township 56 in range 21 West. Chariton, co., Mo.

The South-west quarter of section 25 of township 1 North in range 9 West. Adams, co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 17 of township 4 South in range 7 West. Pike co., Ill.

The Noath-east quarter of section 15 of township 6 South in range 5 West. Pike co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 25 of township 1 South in range 5 West. Adams co., Ill.

The North-west quarter of section 10 of township 2 North in range 2 West. Schuyler co., Ill.

The South-west quarter of section 10 of township 1 North in range 3 East. Arkansas.

The titles are *Patent and Tax* which are equal to *a whole title.*

Address J. BEVERLY HUNTER,
General Land Agent, Sunsbury,
(61::3m) *Gates county, N. C.*

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdeiane Hepburn, by the author of Zuidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

Jan, 1857.

MULLETS.—25 Bbls. LARGE Mullets, at
GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.
Wilmington, March 9.

Old Bonnets Made New!

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, and Shaping Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44::tf)

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month. Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.

Next term commences September 17.

B. CRAVEN.
Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.

—On Tuesday of Guilford Superior Court, April 21st, 1857, a valuable tract of land will be sold at the Court House door in the town of Greensboro, to the highest bidder. The tract contains about ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES of the best farming land. It is situated about one mile from Gibsonville Station N. C. R. R. and adjoining the Boon Hill gold mine, and formerly owned by Daniel Low and Thomas Sockwell.

It is well timbered and watered and in every respect desirable.

Terms liberal and made known on day of sale. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

Feb. 24, 1857. 60::td.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,

Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers. Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Hedlin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::1y.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.
April, 1856.

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANTS.
Wilmington, N. C. 1::1y.

A NEW ENTERPRIZE.

YOUNG MEN, Old men or any body-else wishing to make money easy, by engaging in an honorable, pleasant and profitable business will do well to address the subscriber immediately as he is in want of several Agents in every Town and county in the United States for a business by which persevering and energetic persons can make from $75 to $100 per month.

This is a rare chance for young men out of employment, or those wishing to change their occupation. Address with only $1 enclosed and I will send full particulars by return mail.

A. N. PETERS.
(54—3mpd.) Norfolk Va.

GIFT BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED the following beautiful Gift Books.—American Scenery; Leeaflets of Memory, Gem of the Seasons; Passion Flower; The Token; &c. &c. For sale at the Book Store.

Jan. 1857. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for January, 1857, is embellished with a splendid Portrait of the Emperor of Russia, with a graphic description of the coronation ceremonies at Moscow, another of Dr. Chalmers, in addition to a rich table of contents served up from the Foreign Periodicals, and ready for its friends and patrons. It should be in every library—on every centre-table. The ECLECTIC has 12 numbers of 144 pages each; 12 or more fine Portraits of Celebrated Men, or beautiful Engravings by Sartain—cheap at 20 cents each—leaving less than $1 for each of the three large volumes, with titles and indexes, and nearly 1800 pages per year of choice reading and permanent value. Price $5. Cheap enough. Please order it at once, by Postmaster. Postage 3 cents on each No. Sent to any part of the country. The January No. begins the 40th Volume. Now is a good time to subscribe. Address

EDITORS TIMES,
Greensboro, N. C.

AGENTS WANTED.—A number of intelligent men of good character, for energy and address, are wanted to canvass various parts of the country for new subscribers to the Eclectic Magazine, to whom a liberal commission is offered. Address the Editor.

W. H. BIDWELL,
(59::tf) No. 5 Beekman st., N. Y.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES,
March 12, 1857.

3 DOZ. the great IRON WHEEL examined, or its false spokes extracted, and an exhibition of ELDER GRAVES, its Builder. By W. G. Brownlow, Editor of Brownlow's Knoxville Whig.

Just received and for sale by
June, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—Per Schr. A. J. DeRosset, from New York:—25 Bags Prime Laguyra Coffee; 15 Bbls. C. Yellow Sugar; 12 Jars pure Potash. Low for cash at
GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.
Wilmington, March 9.

FRESH ARRIVALS. PER SCHR HELENE, from New York:—25 Bags Rio Coffee; 15 Boxes Pale Soap Low for cash at GEO. H. KEELEY & BRO.
Wilmington, March 7.

LAND SALE.—HAVING QUALIFIED as Administrators on the Estate of Noble Shaw, deceased, with a will annexed, at the dwelling of said deceased, we will expose to public vendure on the 16th April next, a tract of **land,** consisting of **268 acres,** well timbered and well watered, convenient to the OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE, and on the direct road from Danville, Va., to Salisbury. The land will be sold on a credit.

J. H. LEAK, } Administrators.
SICILY SHAW, }

Oak Ridge, P. O., March 24th, 1857. 64::3w

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 74 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES

[Authorized by the State of Georgia.]

Capital Prize $50,000!!!

TICKETS ONLY $10!

Owing to the great favor with which our Single Number Lotteries have been received by the public, and the large demand for Tickets, the Managers, S. SWAN & CO., will have a drawing each Saturday throughout the year.

The following Scheme will be drawn in each of their Lotteries for April, 1857.

CLASS 30,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, April 4th* 1857.

CLASS 31,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, April 11th*, 1857.

CLASS 32,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, April 18th*, 1857.

CLASS 33,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, April 25th*, 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. Three thousand two hundred and ninety Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets.

Magnificent Scheme.

To be drawn
EACH SATTREAY IN APRIL!

1	Prize of	$50,000	is	$50,000
1	"	20,000	is	20,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
100	Prizes of	100	are	10,000
100	"	50	are	5,000

Approximation Prizes.

4	prizes of $225	to $50,000 are	$900
4	" 100	to 20,000 are	640
8	" 80	to 10,000 are	640
12	" 50	to 5,000 are	600
24	" 30	to 2,500 are	720
26	" 25	to 1,000 are	500
3,000	" 20	are	60,000

3,200 Prizes amounting to $204,000

Whole Tickets $10; Halves 5; Quarters 2½.

PLAN OF THE LOTTERY.

The Numbers from 1 to 30,000, corresponding with those Numbers on the Tickets printed on separate slips of paper, are encircled with small tin tubes and placed in one Wheel.

The first 218 Prizes, similarly printed and encircled, are placed in another Wheel.

The wheels are then revolved, and a number is drawn from the wheel of Numbers, and at the same time a Prize is drawn from the other wheel. The Number and Prize drawn out are opened and exhibited to the audience, and registered by the Commissioners; the Prize being placed against the Number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the Prizes are drawn out.

Approximation Prizes.—The two preceding and the two succeeding Numbers to those drawing the first 18 Prizes will be entitled to the 72 Approximation Prizes, according to the scheme.

The 3,000 Prizes of $20 will be determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the $50,000 Prize. For example, if the Number drawing the $50,000 Prize ends with No. 1, then all the Tickets, where the number ends in 1, will be entitled to $20. If the Number ends with No. 2, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 2, will be entitled to $20, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE		
of Package of 10	Whole Tickets,	$80
"	10 Half "	40
"	10 Quarter "	20
"	10 Eighth "	10

In ordering Tickets or Certificates.

Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail. Purchasers can have tickets ending in any figure they may designate.

The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.

☞ Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.

☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction.

☞ All Prizes of $1,000 and under, paid immediately after the drawing—other Prizes at the usual time of thirty days.

All communications strictly confidential.

Prize Tickets cashed or renewed in other Tickets at either office.

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

(52::1y)

$100,000!!!

MARYLAND LOTTERY ON THE HAVANA PLAN. To be drawn in Baltimore, Md., on THURSDAY, April 30th, 1857. E. FRANCE & CO., Managers. Drawings conducted under the superintendence of the State Lottery Commissioner. Grand Capital Prize 100 prizes of $1,000 each. Lowest Prize in the Lottery $100! Whole Tickets $20.

This is the most Magnificent Scheme ever drawn in the United States. Only 30,000 Tickets, all of which are prized as follows:

5,000 in Whole Tickets,
5,000 in Half Tickets,
10,000 in Quarter Tickets,
10,000 in Eighth Tickets.

As all these Tickets will, no doubt, be sold by the day of Drawing, persons at a distance will forward their orders as soon as possible.

GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY OF MARYLAND. *